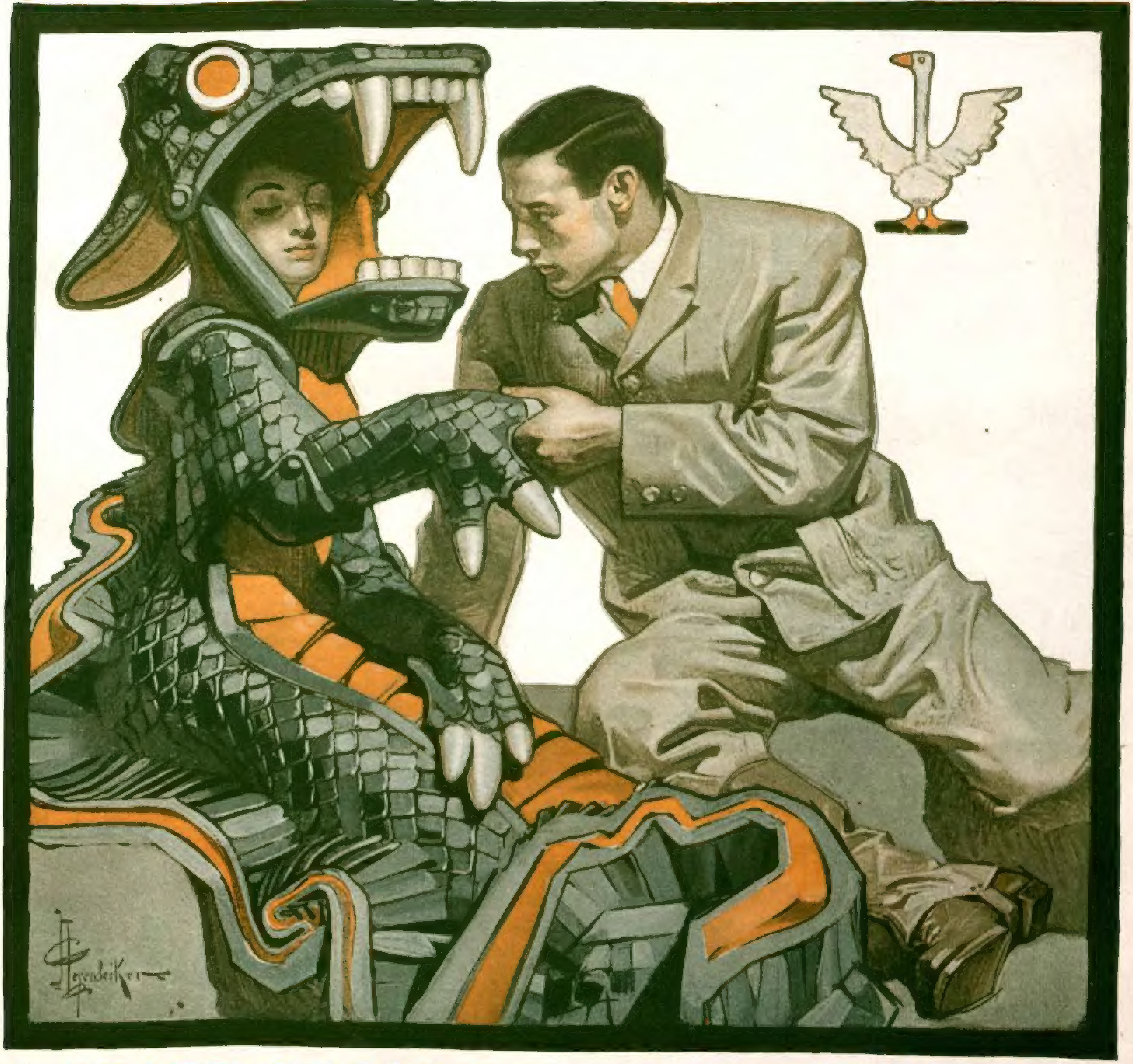
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 3, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



A STATE OF MIND—By Robert W. Chambers

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

ASBESTOS SAD IRONS

AN IRON FOR EVERY PURPOSE

ASBESTOS LINED

ASBESTOS LINED
ASBESTOS SAD IRON

Perfect Laundry Tools

With the ordinary sad irons your work in the hot days of summer is indescribably trying and fatiguing. Perhaps you have considered the tortures of hot-weather ironing necessary. You may have thought that evils which cannot be cured must be endured.

If you knew the advantages of Asbestos Sad Irons you wouldn't do one more ironing with any other kind.

We wish to tell you how Asbestos Sad Irons are designed to overcome the evils of ironing in the distressing, nerve-wrecking heat of summer.

The core or body of the iron is the part you place on the stove until it is very hot—so hot that the top of the core will cause moisture on your finger to sizz. The core is solid—not hollow, like some irons are—and it must be heated through and through in order to retain heat properly. Don't test the bottom only. When the top will show that the iron is heated thoroughly it is time to put on the hood or cover. By examining the illustration showing a Sectional View of an Asbestos Sad Iron you will see that this hood feature is one not possessed by any other sad irons.

What is the purpose of this hood?

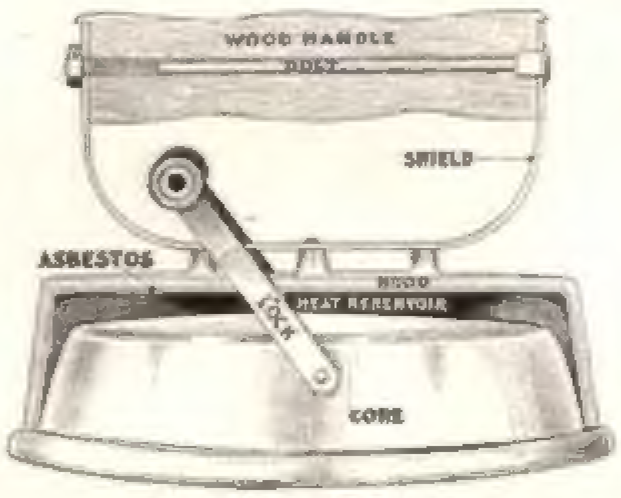
It confines the heat in the iron. You clap the hood down over the iron and the heat is bottled up. Around the base of the core the hood fits tightly. The rest of the hood is separated from the core by a dead-air space which becomes a heat reservoir and forces the heat toward the face of the iron, which is the only part exposed—the only place where heat is wanted.

Now, when the heat is kept in the iron it naturally doesn't reach the handle—and you don't want any heat in the handle. You want that as cool and comfortable as possible.

See how the handle is attached to the hood. There is a shield with an air space between it and the hood. This air space dissolves any heat that might get through the hood.

Note how nicely the handle is shaped to fit the hand. Besides being cool it is easy to grasp. The fingers have free play to assume a convenient and natural position.

ASBESTOS LINED
ASBESTOS SAD IRON
ASBESTOS COVERED



Sectional View.

Is it not an advantage to have a cool handle in the summer? Is it not better to keep the heat inside the hood than to have it rising in hot waves against your hand and wrist? When your hand and wrist become overheated the hot blood will carry heat through your whole body. In the summer you are already uncomfortably—sometimes almost unbearably—warm. Add to this the heat from a simmering iron, and you actually suffer torture.

It stands to reason that when a hot iron is covered with a heat-confining hood the iron will remain hot longer than if the heat were allowed to radiate off into space.

Asbestos Sad Irons, because of the asbestos-lined hood, heat reservoir and solid cores or bodies, hold heat three or four times as long as the ordinary sad iron. When the iron is once thoroughly heated, therefore, it remains hot for a long time without being placed on the fire again.

You, therefore, need so much less fire. This is not only a saving, but it also keeps the kitchen or laundry a great deal cooler.

Another thing. The iron remains hot for so long that you can do the work in a room where there is no fire, because you do not have to make frequent trips to the stove.

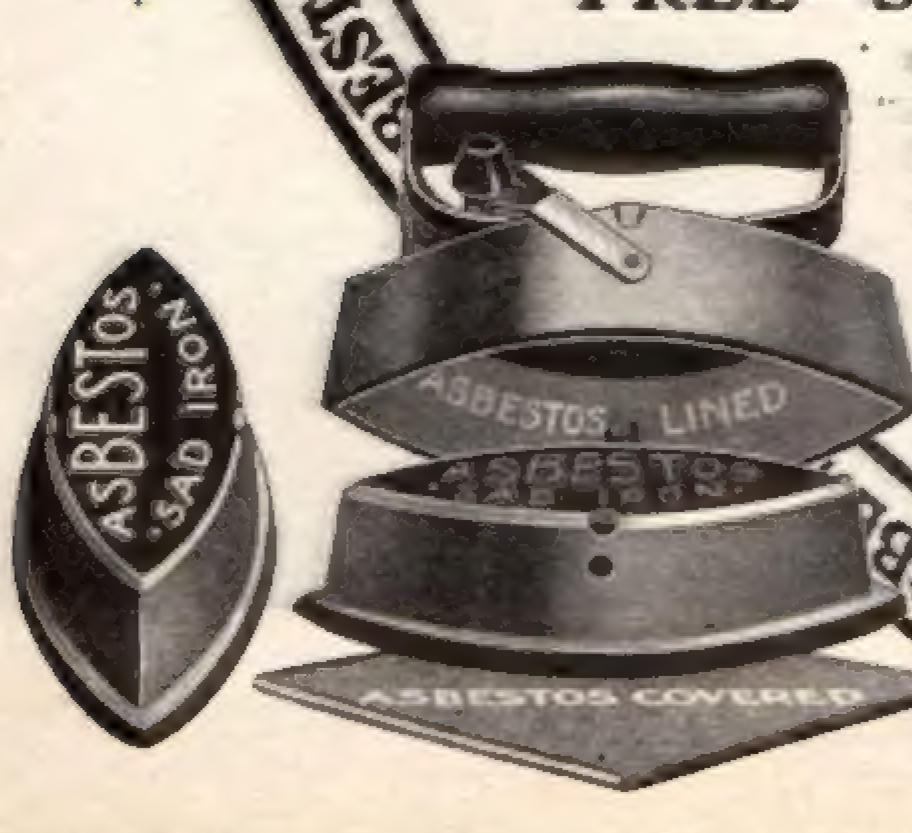
It is not hard to see why Asbestos Sad Irons combine the best heat-retaining qualities with the greatest comfort to the user. But, besides these valuable features, Asbestos Sad Irons are a vast improvement in many other respects.

Ever since France began to flood this country with the exquisite hand-made underclothes that have made her famous the globe around, the women of America have been puzzled to know where to get these dainty garments done up in satisfactory shape. With Asbestos Sad Irons, owing to their highly polished, convex ironing surfaces and rounded edges, it is as easy to smooth the most delicate bit of lingerie as to iron the sturdier fabrics with which we are more familiar—and not one bit of the beautiful needlework will be harmed. The liability of sticking and scorching is reduced to a minimum by the elegant finish of the ironing surfaces. Just think of using irons with such a finish for general ironing! Women who appreciate the joy of working with perfect tools are delighted with them.

Our booklet describes all the various styles of Asbestos Sad Irons—showing how there is an iron for every grade of work, from pressing the heaviest cloths to smoothing the daintiest fabrics.

FREE—Sad Iron Waxer and Polisher—FREE

¶ Send us the name of your Hardware or Housefurnishing Dealer and we will send you a Waxer and our Booklet free. ¶ Asbestos Sad Irons are absolutely guaranteed against breakage or defective parts.



ASBESTOS SAD IRON

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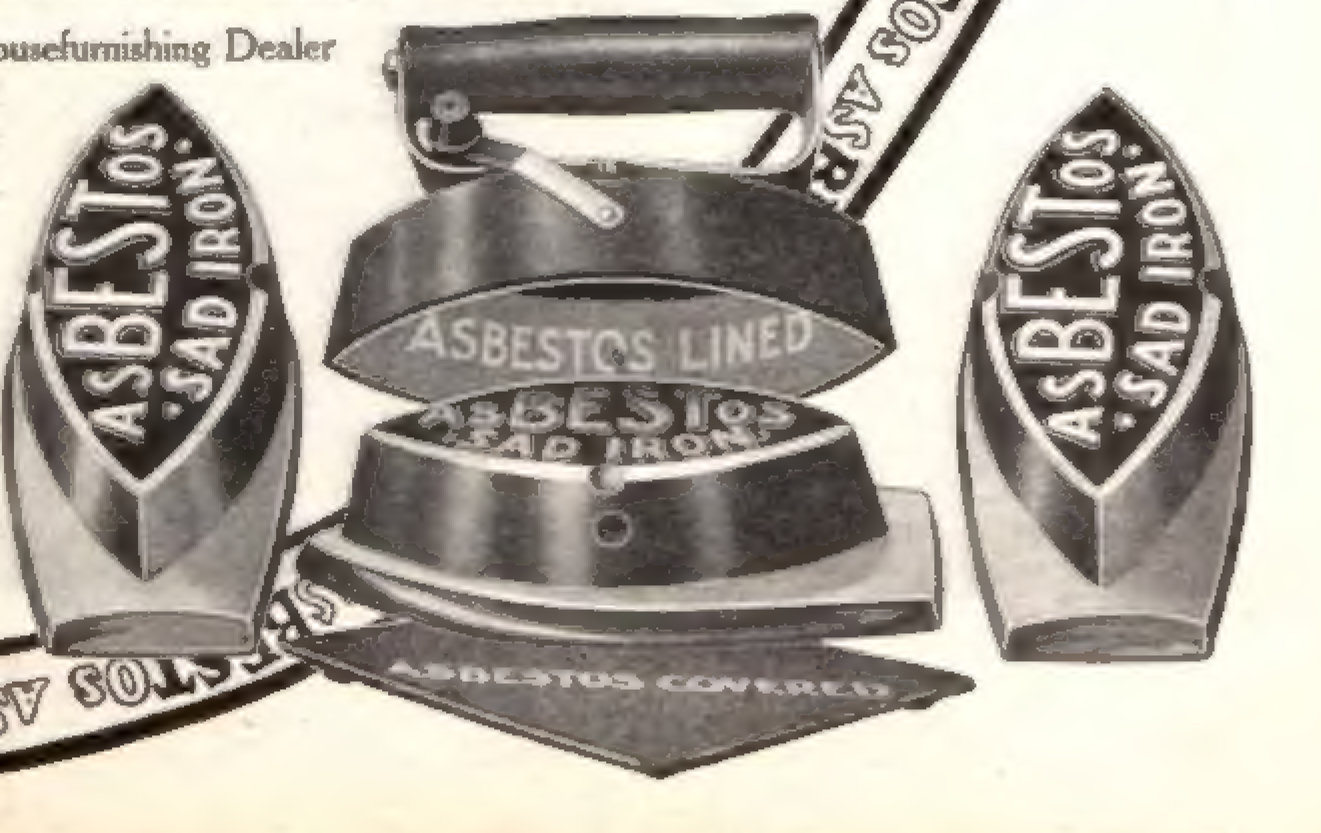

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A STATE OF MIND

The Complex Pursuit of the Simple Life

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE

THE wind changed abruptly, blowing now from the south; and with the change of wind Ellis fancied that he smelled green wood burning. A few minutes later he was sure of it; he stood knee-deep in the stream sniffing uneasily, then he lifted his trout-rod, reeled in his line, and waded silently shoreward, his keen nose twitching.

Ah! There it was—that misty bluish bloom belting a clump of hemlocks. And the acrid odor grew, impregnating the filtered forest air. He listened, restless eyes searching. The noise of the stream filled his ears; he tightened the straps of his pack, shortened his trout-rod, leaving line and cast on, and crawled up the ravine, shoulder-deep in fragrant undergrowth, until the dull clash of flashing spray and the tumult of the falls were almost lost in the leafy depths behind.

Ranker, stronger, came the pungent odor of smoke; halting to listen he heard the hissing whisper of green wood afire; then, crawling up over an enormous boulder, he saw, just beyond and below, a man in tweeds, squatting on his haunches, and attempting to toss a flapjack over a badly constructed campfire.

The two young men caught sight of one another at the same instant; alert, mistrustful, each stared at the other in questioning silence while the first instinct of unpleasant surprise lasted.

"How are you?" said the man cautiously.

"Good-morning," replied Ellis. "When the wind turned I scented your fire down the stream. Thought I'd see what was burning."

"Are you up here fishing?" inquired he of the tweeds.

"Yes; came here by canoe to the forks below. I am out for a week by myself. The Caranay water is my old-time trail. . . . Looks like a storm, doesn't it?"

"Anything doing with the trout?"

"Not much; two in the falls pool that come an ounce short of the pound. I should be glad to divide—if you are shy on trout."

Again they regarded one another carefully.

"My name," said the man by the fire, "is Jones—but that can't be helped now. So if you'll overlook such matters I'll be glad of a trout if you can spare one."

"My name is Ellis; help yourself."

The man by the fire glanced at the burnt flapjack, scraped it free from the pan, tossed it into the bushes, and straightened to his full height.

"Come into camp, Mr. Ellis," he said politely.

The freemasonry of caste operates very quickly in the wilderness; Ellis slid down the boulder on the reënforced seat of his knickerbockers, landing, hob-nailed shoes foremost, almost at the edge of the fire. Then he laid his rod aside, slipped the pack to the ground, unslung his creel, and, fishing out a handkerchief, mopped his rather attractively sunburnt countenance.

"Anything else you're short of, Mr. Jones?" he asked pleasantly. "I'm just in from the settlements, and I can let you have a pinch of almost anything."

"Have you plenty of salt?" inquired Jones wistfully.

"Plenty; isn't there anything else? Bacon? Sugar?"

"Matches?"

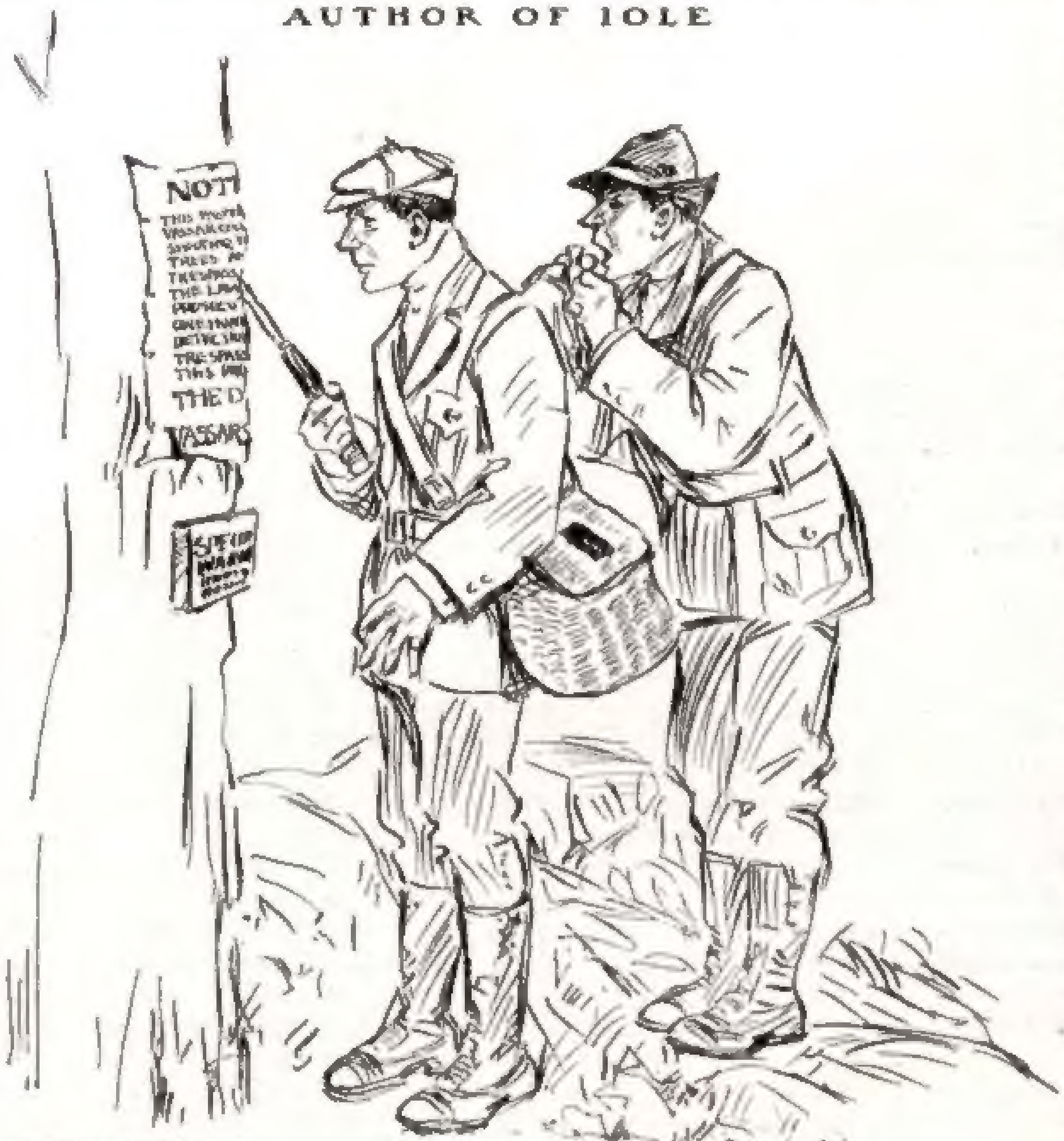
Ellis looked at him keenly; good woodsmen don't run short of matches; good woodsmen don't build such fires.

"Certainly," he said. "Did you have an accident?"

"No—that is, several boxes got wet, and I've been obliged to sit around this confounded fire for fear it might go out—didn't dare fish very far from it."

He looked gloomily around, rubbed his forehead as though trying to recollect something, and finally sat down on a log.

"Fact is," he said, "I don't know very much about the woods. Do you? Everything's gone wrong; I tore my canoe in the Ledge Rapids yesterday. I'm in a fix."



"EXPLAINED ON OUR NEXT TREE," REMARKED JONES, WIPING HIS EYEGLASSES INDIFFERENTLY

Ellis laughed; and his laugh was so pleasant, so entirely without offense, that young Jones laughed, too, for a while, then checked himself to adjust his eyeglasses, which his mirth had displaced.

"Can you cook?" he asked, so seriously that Ellis only nodded, still laughing.

"Then, for Heaven's love, would you, when you cook your own breakfast over that fire, cook enough for two?"

"Why, man, I believe you're hungry," said Ellis sharply.

"Hungry? Well, I don't know whether you would call it exactly hunger, because I have eaten several things which I cooked. I ought not to be hungry; I tried to toss a flapjack, but it got stuck to the pan. Fact is, I'm a rotten cook, and I guess it's simply that I'm half starved for a decent meal."

"Why, see here," said Ellis, rising to his feet, "I can fix up something pretty quick if you like."

"I *do* like. Yonder is my cornmeal, coffee, some damp sugar, flour, and what's left of the pork, over there—you see I left it in a corner of the lean-to, and while I was asleep a porcupine got busy with it; then I hung it on a tree, and some more porcupines invited their relatives, and they all climbed up and nearly finished it. Did you suppose that a porcupine could climb a tree?"

"I've heard so," said Ellis gravely, busy with the stores which he was unrolling from his own blanket. The guilelessness of this stray woodland brother appalled him. Here was a babe in the woods. A new sort of babe, too, for, in the experience of Ellis, the incompetent woodsman is ever the loudest-mouthed, the tyro the most conceited. But this forest-squatting innocent not only knew nothing of the elements of woodcraft, but had called a stranger's attention to his ignorance with a simplicity that silenced mirth, forestalled contempt, and aroused a curious respect for the unfortunate.

"He is no liar, anyway," thought Ellis, placing a back-log, mending the fire, emptying the coffee-pot, and setting the kettle to boil. And while he went about his culinary matters with a method born of habit, Jones watched him, aided when he saw a chance; and they chatted on most animatedly together as the preparations for breakfast advanced.

"The very first day I arrived in the woods," said Jones, "I fell into the stream and got most of my matches wet. I've had a devil of a time since."

"It's a good idea to keep reserve matches in a water-tight glass bottle," observed Ellis carelessly, and without appearing to instruct anybody about anything.

"I'll remember that. What is a good way to keep pork from porcupines?"

Ellis mentioned several popular methods, stirred the batter, shoved a hot plate nearer the ashes, and presently began the manufacture of flapjacks.

"Don't you toss 'em?" inquired Jones, watching the process intently.

"Oh, they can be tossed—like this! But it is easier for me to turn them with a knife—like this. I have an idea that they toss flapjacks less often in the woods than they do in novels."

"I gathered my idea from a book," said Jones bitterly; "it was called Back to the Woods, and told all about dicky-birds and how to build a fire without matches. Some day I shall destroy the author."

Presently Jones went on in a low, intense voice: "Oh, the fragrance of that coffee and bacon!" Which was all he said, but its significance was pathetically unmistakable.

"Pitch in, man," urged Ellis, looking back over his shoulder. "I'll be with you in a second." But when his tower of browned and smoking flapjacks was ready, and he came over to the log, he found that his host, being his host, had waited. That settled his convictions concerning Jones; and that was doubtless why, inside of half an hour, he found himself calling him Jones and not Mr. Jones, and Jones calling him Ellis. They were a pair of well-knit, clean-limbed young men, throat and face burnt deeply by wind and sun. Jones did not have much hair; Ellis' was thick and short, and wavy at the temples. They were agreeable to look at.

"Have another batch of flapjacks?" inquired Ellis persuasively.

Jones groaned with satisfaction at the prospect, and applied himself to a crisp trout garnished with bacon.

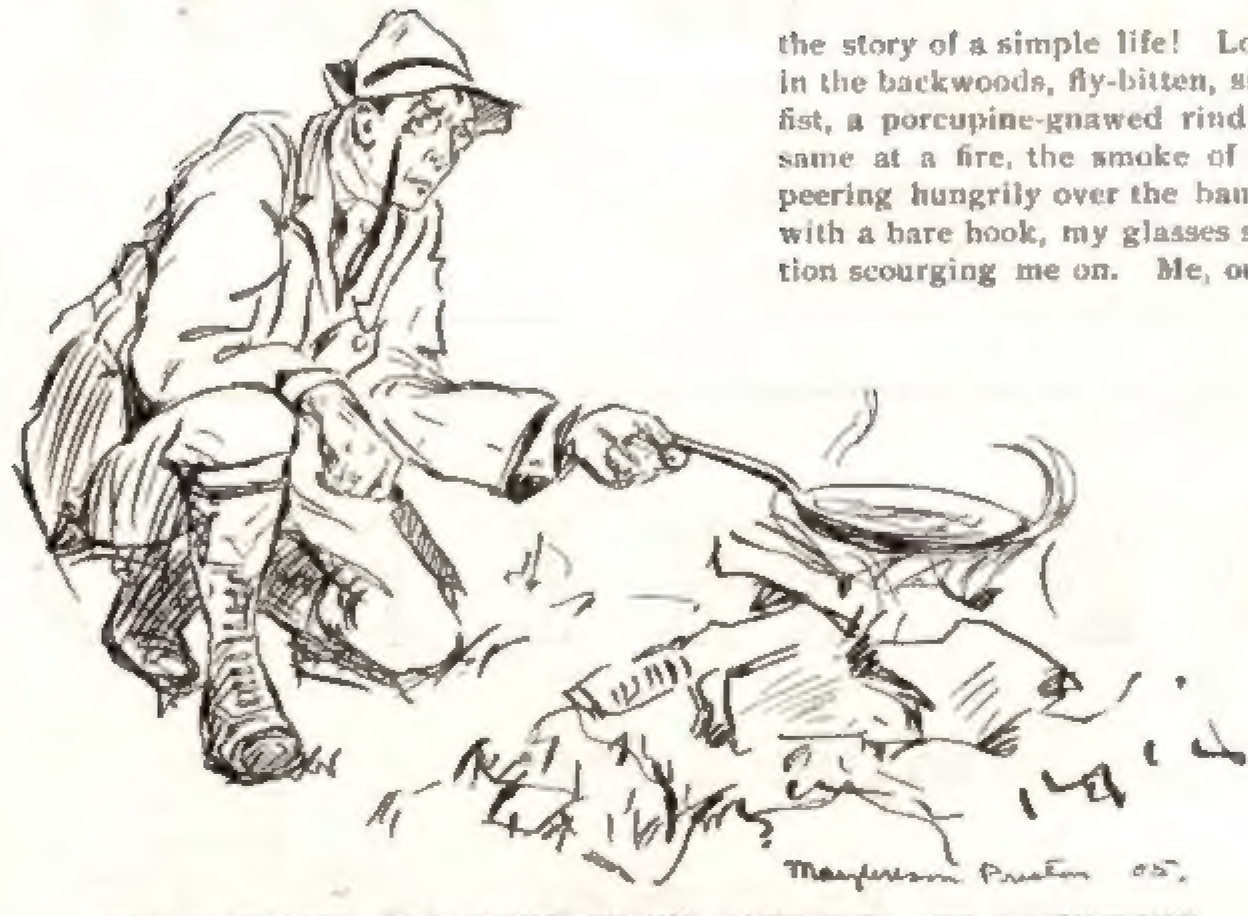
"I've tried and tried," he said, "but I cannot catch any trout. When I found that I could not I was horrified, Ellis, because, you see, I had supposed that the forest and stream were going to furnish me with subsistence. Oh, Lord! Nature hasn't done a thing to me since I've tried to shake hands with her."

"I wonder," said Ellis, "why you came into the woods alone?"

Jones coyly pounced upon another flapjack, folded it neatly and inserted one end of it into his mouth. This he chewed reflectively; and when it had vanished according to Fletcher, he said:

"If I tell you why I came here I'll begin to get angry. This breakfast is too heavenly to spoil. Pass the bacon and help yourself."

Ellis, however, had already satisfied his hunger. He set the kettle on the coals again, dumped into it cup and plate and fork, wiped his sheath-knife carefully, and, curling up at the foot of a hemlock, lighted his pipe, returning the flaming branch to the back-log.


May Wilson Preston 05.

A MAN IN TWEEDS, SQUATTING ON HIS HAUNCHES, AND ATTEMPTING TO TOSS A FLAPJACK OVER A BADLY CONSTRUCTED CAMPFIRE

Jones munched on; smile after smile spread placidly over his youthful face, dislodging his eyeglasses every time. He resumed them, and ate flapjacks.

"The first time my canoe upset," he said, "I lost my book of artificial flies. I brought a box of angle-worms with me, too, but they fell into the stream the second time I upset. So I have been trying to snare one of those big trout under the ledge below ——"

Ellis' horrified glance cut him short; he shrugged his shoulders.

"My friend, I know it's dead low-down, but it was a matter of pure hunger with me. At all events, it's just as well that I caught nothing; I couldn't have cooked it if I had."

He sighed, looked at the last flapjack, decided he did not require it, and settling down with his back against the log blissfully lighted his pipe.

For ten minutes they smoked without speaking, dreamily gazing at the blue sky through the trees. Friendly little forest birds came around, dropping from twig to branch; two chipmunks crept into the case of eggs to fill their pouched chops with the oats that the eggs were packed in. The young men watched them lazily.

"The simpler life is the true existence," commented Ellis, drawing a long, deep breath.

"What the devil is the simpler life?" demanded Jones with so much energy that the chipmunks raced away in mad abandon, and the flock of black-capped birds scattered to neighboring branches, remarking in unison, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

"Why, you're leading the simpler life now," said Ellis, laughing, "are you not?"

"Am I? No, I'm not. I'm not leading a simple life; I'm leading a pace-killing, nerve-racking, complex one. I tell you, Ellis, that it has taken just one week in the woods to reveal to me the complexity of simplicity!"

"Oh, you don't like the life?"

"I like it all right, but it's too complex. Listen to me. You asked me why anybody ever let me escape all alone by myself into the woods. I'll tell you. . . . You're a New Yorker, are you not?"

Ellis nodded.

"All right. First look on this picture: I live in the sixties, near enough to the Park to see it. It's green, and I like it. Besides, there are geraniums and other posies in my back yard, and I can see them when the laundress isn't too busy with the clothesline. So much for the *mise en scène*: me in a twenty-by-one-hundred house, perfectly contented; Park a stone's toss west, back yard a few feet north. My habits? Simple enough to draw tears from a lambkin! I breakfast at nine — an egg, fruit, coffee and the Sun. At eleven I go downtown to see if there's anything doing. There never is, so I smoke one cigar with my partner and then we lunch together. I then walk uptown — *walk*, mind you. At the club I look at the ticker, or out of the window. Later I play cowboy or billiards for an hour. I take one cocktail — *one*, if you please. I converse." He waved his pipe; Ellis nodded solemnly.

"Then," continued Jones, "what do I do?"

"I don't know," replied Ellis.

"I'll tell you. I call a cab — *one* cab, or one hansom, as the state of the weather may suggest — I drive through the Park, pleasantly aware of the verdure, the squirrels and the babies; I arrive at my home; I mount to the library and there I select from my limited collection some accursed book I've always heard of but have never read — not fiction, but something stupefying and worth while. This I read for exactly one hour. I then dress; and if I'm dining out, out I go — if not, I dine at home. Twice a week I attend the theatre, but I neutralize that by doing penance at the opera every Monday during the season. . . . There, Ellis, is the story of a simple life! Look on *that* picture. Now look on *this*: Me in the backwoods, fly-bitten, smoke-choked, a half-charred flapjack in my fist, a porcupine-gnawed rind of pork on a stick, attempting to broil the same at a fire, the smoke of which blinds me. Me, again, belly down, peering hungrily over the bank of a stream, attempting to snatch a trout with a bare hook, my glasses slipping off repeatedly, the spectre of starvation scourging me on. Me, once more, frantic with indigestion and mosquitoes, lurking under a blanket, the root of a tree bruising my backbone; me in the morning, done up, shaving in icy water and cutting my chin; me, half-shaved, searching for a scrap of nourishment, gauntly prowling among cold and greasy fry-pans! Ellis! *Which* is the simpler life, in Heaven's name?"

Ellis' laughter was the laughter of a woodsman, full, infectious, but almost noiseless. The birds came back and teetered on adjacent twigs, cheeping in friendly unison; a chipmunk, chops distended, popped up from the case of eggs like a striped jack-in-a-box, not at all afraid of a man who laughed that way.

"*How* did you ever come into the woods?" he asked at length.

"That's a dark story," said Jones, refilling his pipe. "Shall I relate it?"

"By all means," urged Ellis, tired with laughing too much after breakfast.

"All right. Of course, for some time I've been reading books by the authors who discovered Nature. Then I read all about the simpler mode of living — the papers rang the changes on it. First came the Nature books: I learned to tell a woodcock from a peacock; how to dig holes in the ground and raise little pea vines, and how to make two blades of grass grow where the laundress had set a devastating shoe. Then I tired of it; but when half the decent people in town began to move back to the woods to study the habits of the speckled tomtit I saw that there was something doing of which I had no conception — Palm Beach, Bar Harbor and Lenox being my rural limits. Around me swelled the archaic chorus, 'A-hunting we will go!' But I sidestepped all such bids. Besides, as I have a perfect hatred of taking life, I had no temptation to shoot guides in Maine or niggers in South Carolina, where the quail come from. Still, I was awake to the new idea. I read more books on dicky-birds and woodchucks; I smelled every flower I saw; I tried to keep up," he said earnestly; "by Heaven, I did my best! And now, look at me! Nature hands me the frozen mitt!"

Ellis could only laugh, cradling his knees in his clasped and sun-tanned hands.

"I am fond of Nature in the Park, and I admire the geraniums in my back yard," continued Jones excitedly. "I like a simple life, too; but I don't wish to pursue a live thing and eat it for my dinner. The idea is perfectly obnoxious to me. I like flowers on a table or in the Park, but I don't want to know their names, or the names of the creatures that buzz and crawl over them, or the names of the birds that feed on the buzzy things! I don't; I know I don't, and I won't! Nature has strung me; from this week I shall preach, not the simpler life, but the simplest life. I shall knock Nature hereafter. This is all for mine. I'll lock up and leave the key of the fields to the next come-on lured into the good green goods by that most accomplished steerer, Nature. I've got my gilt-brick, Ellis — I'm going home."

"But, my dear fellow ——"

"No, you don't. You're an accomplice of this Nature dame; I can tell by the way you cook and catch trout and keep your matches in bottles. One large and brilliant brick is enough for one New York man. The asphalt for mine — and a Turkish bath."

After a grinning silence, Ellis arose, stretched, tapped his pipe against a tree-trunk, and sauntered over to where his rod lay. "Come on; I'll guarantee you a trout in the first reach," he said affably, slipping ferrule into socket, disentangling the cast and setting the line free.

So they strolled off toward the long amber reach which lay a few yards below the camp, Jones explaining that he didn't wish to take life from anything except a mosquito.

"We've got to eat; we'd better stock up while we can, because it's going to rain," observed Ellis.

"Going to rain? How do you know?"

"The wind; I smell it. Besides, look there — yonder above the mountains. Do you see the sky behind the Golden Dome?"

Up the narrow valley, over the unbroken sweep of treetops, arose tumbled peaks; and above the Golden Dome, pushing straight upward into the flawless blue of heaven, towered a cloud, its inky convolutions edged with silver.

Jones inspected the thunderhead with disapproval; Ellis offered his rod, and, being refused, began some clever casting, the artistic beauty of which was doubtless lost on Jones.

One trout only investigated the red-and-white fly; and, that fish safely creeled, Ellis turned to his companion:

"Three years ago, when I last came here, this reach was more prolific. But there's a pool above that I'll warrant. Shall we move?"

As they passed on upstream Jones said: "There's no pool above, only a rapid."

"You're in error," said Ellis confidently. "I've known every pool on the Caranay for years."

"But there is no pool above — unless you mean to trespass."

"Trespass!" repeated Ellis, aghast. "*Trespass* in the free Caranay forests! You — you don't mean to say that any preserve has been established on the Caranay! I haven't been here for three years. . . . *Do* you?"

"Look there," said Jones, pointing to a high fence of netted wire which rose above the undergrowth and cut the banks of the stream in two with a barrier eight feet high; "that's what stopped me. There's their home-designed trespass notice hanging to the fence. Read it; it's worth perusal."

Speechless, but still incredulous, Ellis strode to the barrier and looked up. And this is what he read printed in mincing "Art Nouveau" type upon a swinging zinc sign fashioned to imitate something or other which was no doubt very precious:

> OYEZ!
>
> Ye simple livers of ye simpler life have raised thys barrier against ye World, ye Flesh and ye Devyl. Turn back in Peace and leave us to our Nunnery.
>
> YE MAIDS AND DAMES OF VASSAR.

"What the devil is that nonsense?" demanded Ellis hoarsely.

"Explained on our next tree," remarked Jones, wiping his eyeglasses indifferently.

An ordinary trespass notice printed on white linen was nailed to the flank of a great pine; and, below this, a special warning, done in red on a white board:

> NOTICE!
>
> This property belongs to the Vassar College Summer School. Fishing, shooting, trapping, the felling of trees, the picking of wild flowers, and every form of trespass, being strictly forbidden, all violators of this ordinance under the law will be prosecuted. One hundred dollars reward is offered for evidence leading to the detection and conviction of any trespasser upon this property.
>
> THE DIRECTORS OF THE VASSAR SUMMER SCHOOL.

"Well?" inquired Jones, as Ellis stood motionless, staring at the sign. The latter slowly turned an enraged visage toward his companion.

"What are you going to do?" repeated Jones curiously.

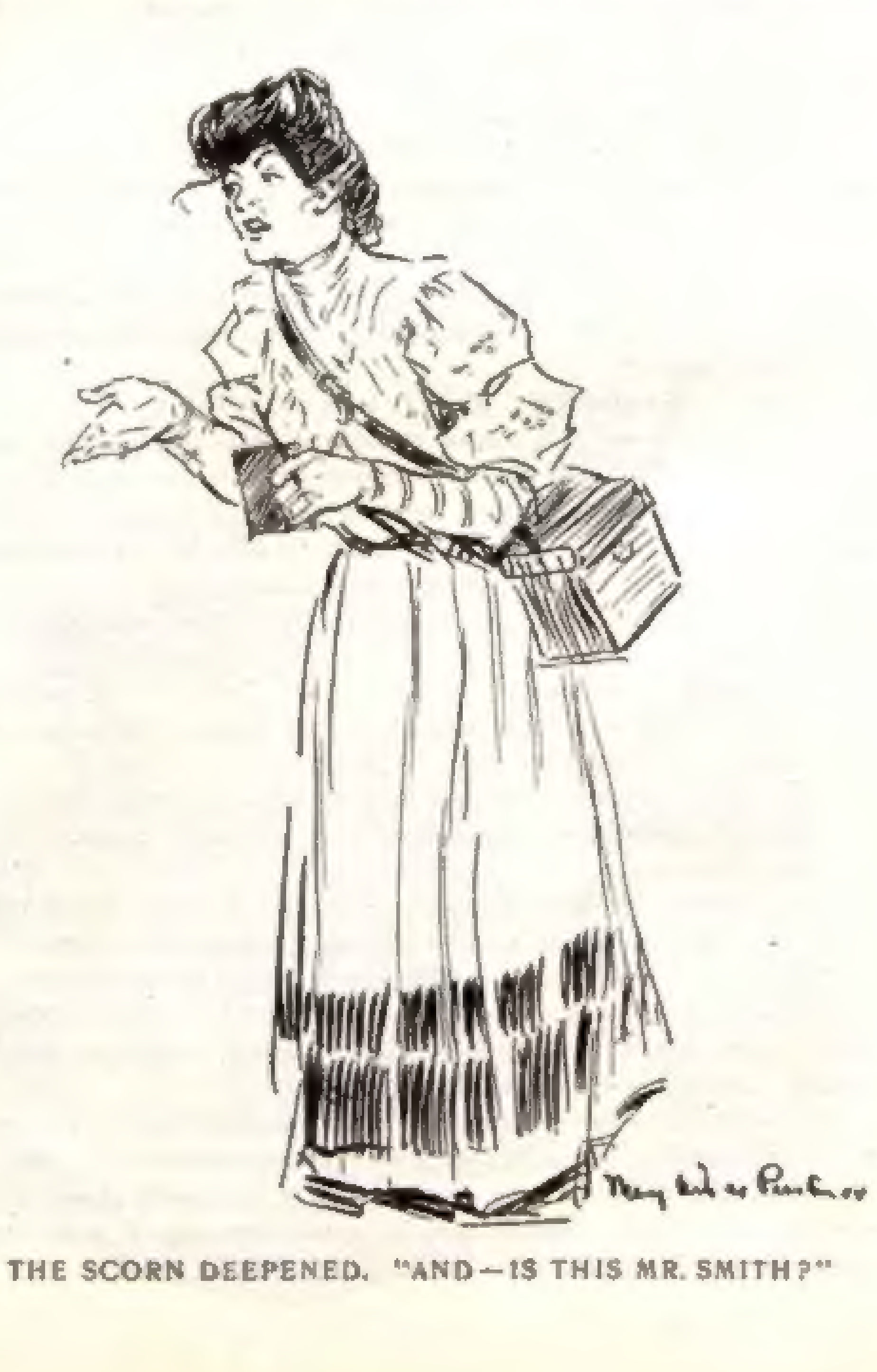
"Do? I'm going to fish the Caranay. Come on."

"Trespass on Vassar?" asked Jones.

"I'm going to fish the Caranay, my old and favorite and beloved stream," retorted Ellis doggedly. "Do you suppose a squatty zinc sign in this forest can do anything more than shock my sense of the eternal fitness of things? Come on, Jones. I'll show you a trout worth tossing this Caranay Belle to." And he looped on a silver-and-salmon-tinted fly and waded out into the rapids.

Jones lighted his pipe and followed him, giving his views of several matters in a voice pitched above the whispering rush of the ripples:

"That's all very well, Ellis, but suppose we are pinched and fined? A nice place, these forests, for a simple liver to lead a simple life in! Simple life! What? And some of these writers define the 'simple life' as merely a 'state of



THE SCORN DEEPENED. "AND — IS THIS MR. SMITH?"

mind.' That's right, too; I was in a state of mind until I met you, let me tell you! They're perfectly correct; it *is* a state of mind."

He muttered to himself, casting an anxious eye on the thundercloud which stretched almost to the zenith over the Golden Dome and shadowed Lynx Peak like a pall.

"Rain, too," he commented, wading in Ellis' wake. "There's a most devilish look about that cloud. I wish I were a woodchuck — or a shiner, or an earnest young thing from Vassar. What are we to do if pinched with the goods on us, Ellis?"

The other laughed a disagreeable laugh and splashed forward.

"Because," continued Jones, wiping the spray from his glasses, "the woods yonder may be teeming with these same young things from Vassar. Old 'uns, too — there's a faculty for that Summer School. You can never tell what a member of a ladies' Summer School faculty would do to you. I dare say they might run after you and bite you — out here in the backwoods."

"Do you know anything about this absurd matter?" asked Ellis, halting to wait for his companion.

"Only what the newspapers print."

"And what's that? I've not noticed anything about it."

"Why, they all tell about the scope of the Vassar Summer School. It's founded" — and he grinned maliciously — "on the simple life."

"How?" snapped Ellis, clambering up out of the water to the flat, sandy shore of an exquisite pool some forty rods in length.

"Why, this way: The Vassar undergraduates, who formerly, after commencement, scattered into all the complexities of a silly, unprofitable, good old summertime, now have a chance to acquire simplicity and a taste for the rudimentary pleasures and pursuits they have overlooked in their twentieth-century gallop after the complex."

Ellis sullenly freed his line and glanced up at the clouds. It was already raining on the Golden Dome.

"So," continued Jones, "the Summer School took to the woods along with the rest of the simple-minded. I hear they have a library; doubtless it contains the Rollo books. They have courses in the earlier and simpler languages — the dead 'uns — Sanskrit, Greek, Latin; English, too, before it grew pin-feathers. They have a grandstand built of logs out yonder where the mosquito hummeth; and some trees and a pond which they call a theatre devoted to the portrayal of the great primitive and simple passions and emotions. They have also dammed up the stream to make a real lake when they give tank-dramas like Lohengrin and the Rheingold; and the papers say they have a pair of live swans hitched to a boat — that is, a yellow reporter swears they have, but he was discovered taking snapshots at some Rhine-wine daughters, and hustled out of the woods——"

He paused to watch Ellis hook and play and presently land a splendid trout weighing close to two pounds.

"It's an outrage, an infernal outrage, for such people to dam the Caranay and invade this God-given forest with their unspeakable tin signs!" said Ellis, casting again.

"But they're only looking for a simpler life — just like you."

Ellis said something.

"That," replied Jones, "is a simple and ancient word expressing tersely one of the simplest and most primitive passions — anger. You know, the simple life is merely a 'state of mind'; you're acquiring it; I recognize the symptoms."

Ellis made another observation, more or less mandatory.

"Yes, that is a locality purely mythical, according to our later exponents of theology; therefore I cannot accept the suggestion to go there——"

"Confound it!" exclaimed Ellis, laughing, as he landed a trout, "let up on your joking. I'm mad all through, and it's beginning to rain. When that thunder comes nearer it will end the fishing, too. Look at Lynx Peak! Did you see that play of lightning? There's a corker of a storm brewing. I hope," he added savagely, "it will carry away their confounded dam and their ridiculous lake. The nerve of women to dam a trout stream like the Caranay. . . . What was that you said?"

"I said," hissed Jones in a weird whisper, "that there are two girls standing behind us and taking our pictures with a kodak! Don't look around, man! They'll snap-shoot us for evidence!"

But the cautious soul was too late: Ellis had turned. There came a click of a kodak shutter; Jones turned in spite of himself; another click sounded.

"Stung!" breathed Jones as two young girls stepped from the shelter of a juniper brush and calmly confronted the astonished trespassers.

"I am very sorry to trouble you," said the taller one severely, "but this is private property."

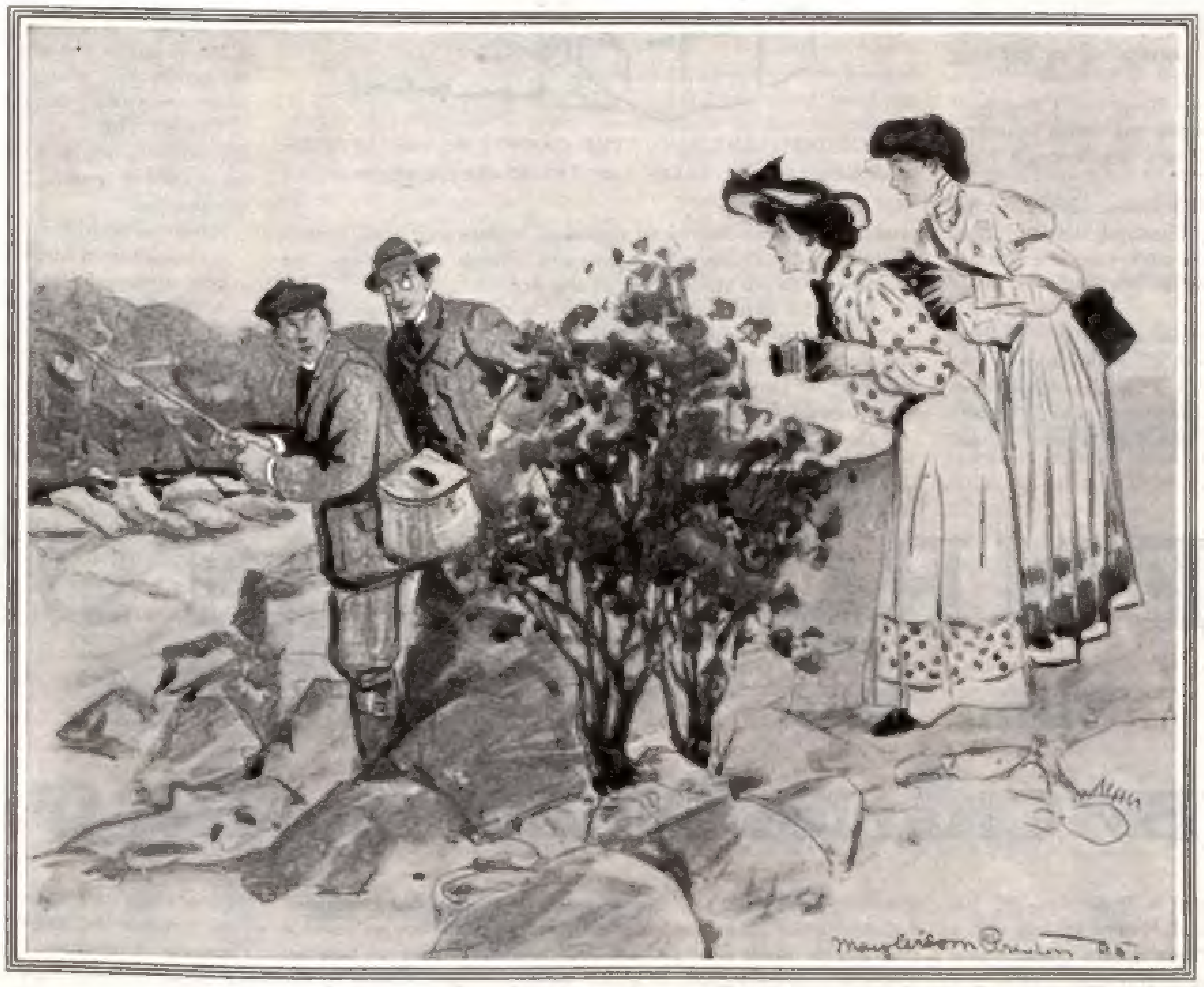
Ellis took off his cap; Jones did the same.

"I saw your signs," said Ellis pleasantly. Jones whispered to him: "The taller one is a corker!" and Ellis replied under his breath: "The other is attractive, too."

"You admit that you deliberately trespassed?" inquired the shorter girl very gravely.

"Not upon you — only upon what you call your property," said Ellis gayly. "You see, we really need the trout in our business — which is to keep soul and body on friendly terms."

No answering smile touched the pretty gray eyes fixed on his. She said gravely: "I am very sorry that this has happened."



"I AM VERY SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU," SAID THE TALLER ONE SEVERELY, "BUT THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY"

"We're sorry, too," smiled Jones, "although we can scarcely regret the charming accident which permits us ——"

But it wouldn't do; the taller girl stared at him coldly from a pair of ornamental brown eyes.

Presently she said: "We students are supposed to report cases like this. If you have deliberately chosen to test the law governing the protection of private property no doubt our Summer School authorities will be willing to gratify you before a proper tribunal. . . . May I ask your names?" She drew a notebook from the pocket of her kilted skirt, standing gracefully with pencil poised, dark eyes focused upon Jones. And, as she waited, the thunder boomed behind the Golden Dome.

"It's going to rain cats and dogs," said Jones anxiously, "and you haven't an umbrella——"

The dark-eyed girl gazed at him scornfully. "Do you refuse your name?"

"No — oh, not at all!" said Jones hastily; "my name is Jones——"

The scorn deepened. "And — is this Mr. Smith?" she inquired, looking at Ellis.

"My name *is* Jones," said Jones so earnestly that his glasses fell off. "And what's worse, it's John Jones."

Something in his eye engaged her attention — perhaps the unwinking innocence of it. She wrote "John Jones" on her pad, noted his town address, and turned to Ellis, who was looking fixedly, but not offensively, at the girl with the expressive gray eyes.

"If you also have a pad I'll surrender to you," he said pleasantly. "There is glory enough for all here, as our admiral remarked."

The gray eyes glimmered; a quiver touched the scarlet mouth. But a crash of nearer thunder whitened the smile on her lips.

"Helen, I'm going!" she said hastily to her of the brown eyes.

"That storm," said Ellis calmly, "has a long way to travel before it strikes the Caranay valley." He pointed with his rod, tracing in the sky the route of the crowding clouds. "Every storm that hatches behind the Golden Dome swings south along the Black Water first, then curves and comes around by the west and sweeps the Caranay. You have plenty of time to take my name."

"But — but the play? I was thinking of the play," she said, looking anxiously at the brown eyes, which were raised to the sky in silent misgiving.

"If you don't mind my saying so," said Ellis, "there is ample time for your outdoor theatricals — if you mean that. You need not look for that storm on the upper Caranay before late this afternoon. Even then it may break in the mountains and you may see no rain — only a flood in the river."

"Do you really think so?" she asked.

"I do; I can almost answer for it. You see, the Caranay has been my haunt for many years, and I know almost to a certainty what is likely to happen here."

"That is jolly!" she exclaimed, greatly relieved. "Helen, I really think we should be starting——"

But Helen, pencil poised, gazed obdurately at Ellis out of brown eyes which were scarcely fashioned for such impartial and inexorable work.

"If your name is not Smith I should be very glad to note it," she said sweetly.

So he laughed and told her who he was and where he lived; and she wrote it down, somewhat shakily.

"Of course," she said, "you cannot be the *artist* — James Lowell Ellis, *the* artist — the great——"

She hesitated; brown eyes and gray eyes, very wide now, were concentrated on him. Jones, too, stared, and Ellis laughed.

"*Are* you?" blurted out Jones. "Great Heaven! I never supposed——"

Ellis joined in a quartet of silence, then laughed again, a short, embarrassed laugh.

"You *don't* look like anything famous, you know," said Jones reproachfully. "Why didn't you tell me who you are? Why, man, I own two of your pictures!"

To brown-eyes, known so far as "Helen," Ellis said: "We painters are a bad lot, you see — but don't let that prejudice you against Mr. Jones; he really doesn't know me very well. Besides, I dragged him into this villainy; didn't I, Jones? You didn't want to trespass, you know."

"Oh, come!" said Jones; "I own two of your pictures — the Amourette and the Corrida. That ought to convict me of almost anything."

Gray-eyes said: "We — my father — has the Espagnolita, Mr. Ellis." She blushed when she finished.

"Why, then, you must be Miss Sandys!" said Ellis quickly. "Mr. Kenneth Sandys owns that picture."

The brown eyes, which had widened, then sparkled, then softened as matters developed, now became uncompromisingly beautiful.

"I am dreadfully sorry," she said, looking at her notebook. "I trust that the school authorities may not press matters." Then she raised her eyes to see what Jones' expression might resemble. It resembled absolutely nothing.

After a silence Miss Sandys said: "Do you think, Helen, that we are — that we ought to report this——"

"Yes, Molly, I do."

"I'm only an architect; fine me, but spare my friend, Ellis," said Jones, far too playfully to placate the brown-eyed Helen. She returned his glance with a scrutiny devoid of expression. The thunder boomed along the flanks of Lynx Peak.

"We — we are very sorry," whispered Miss Sandys.

"I am, too," replied Ellis — not meaning anything concerning his legal predicament.

Brown-eyes looked at Jones; there was a little inclination of her pretty head as she passed them. A moment later the two young men stood alone, caps in hand, gazing fixedly into the gathering dimness of Caranay forest.

"Ellis," said Jones earnestly as they climbed to the camp and stood gazing at the whitening ashes of their fire, "the simple life *is* a state of mind. I'm in it, now. And—do you know, Ellis, that—I—I could learn to like it?"

Ellis prodded the back-log, and tossed on some dry sticks.

"Great Heaven!" breathed Jones, "did you ever see such eyes, Ellis?"

"The gray ones? They're very noticeable——"

"I meant—well, let it go at that. Here be two of us have lost a thousand shillings to-day."

"And the ladies were not in buckram," rejoined Ellis, starting a blaze. "Jones, can you prepare trout for the pan with the aid of a knife? Here, rub salt in 'em—and leave all but two in that big tin—dry, mind, then cover it and sink it in the spring, or something furry will come nosing and clawing at it. I'll have things ready by the time you're back."

"About our canoes," began Jones. "I've daubed mine with white lead, but I cut it up badly. Hadn't we better attend to them before the storm breaks?"

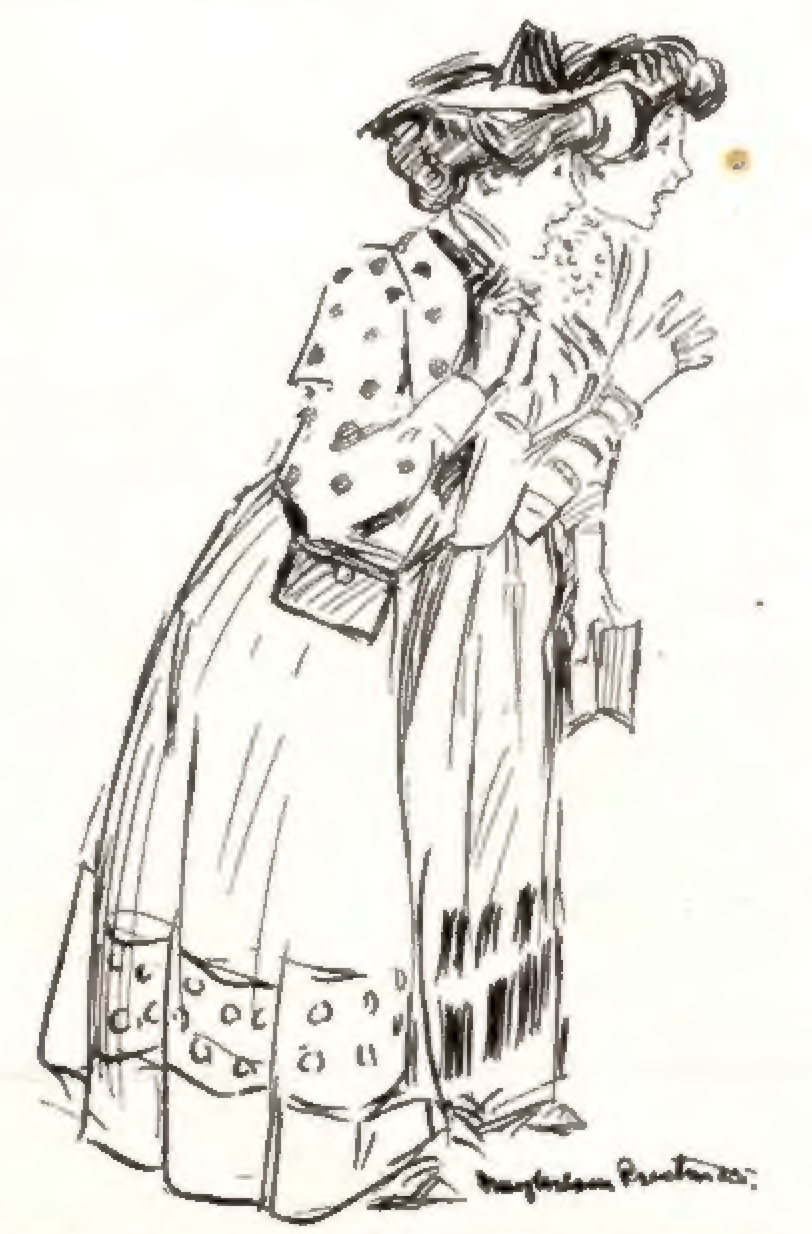
"Get yours into camp. I'll fetch mine; it's cachéd just below the forks. This storm may tear things."

A quarter of an hour later two vigorous young men swung into camp, lowered the canoes from their heads and shoulders, carried the strapped kits, poles and paddles into the lean-to, and turned the light crafts bottom up as flanking shelters to headquarters.

"No use fishing; that thunder is spoiling the Caranay," muttered Ellis, moving about and setting the camp in order. "This is a fine lean-to," he added; "it's big enough for a regiment."

"I told you I was an architect," said Jones, surveying the open-faced shanty with pride. "I had nothing else to do, so I spent the time in making this. I'm a corker on the classic. Shall I take an axe and cut some wood in the Ionic or Doric style?"

Ellis, squatting among the provisions, busily bringing order out of chaos, told him what sort of wood to cut; and an hour later, when the echoing thwacks of the axe ceased and Jones came in loaded with firewood, the camp was in order; hambones, stale bedding, tin cans, the heads and spinal processes of trout had been removed, dishes polished, towels washed and drying, and a pleasant aroma of balsam tips mingled with the spicy scent of the fire.


"OF COURSE," SHE SAID, "YOU CANNOT BE THE *ARTIST*—JAMES LOWELL ELLIS, *THE* ARTIST—THE GREAT——"

"Whew!" said Jones, sniffing; "it smells pleasant now."

"The camp," observed Ellis, "had all the fragrance of a dog-fox in March. How heavy the air is. Listen to that thunder! There's the deuce to pay on the upper waters of the Caranay by this time."

"Do you think we'll get it?"

"Not the rain and wind: the electrical storms usually swing off, following the Big Oswaya. But we may have a flood." He arose and picked up his rod. "The thunder has probably blanked me, but if you'll tend camp I'll try to pick up some fish in a binnikill I know of where the trout are habituated to the roar of the fork falls. We may need every fish we can get if the flood proves a bad one."

Jones said it would suit him perfectly to sit still. He curled up close enough to the fire for comfort as well as æsthetic pleasure, removed his eyeglasses, fished out a flask of aromatic mosquito ointment, and solemnly began a facial toilet, in the manner of a comfortable house cat anointing her countenance with one paw.

"Ellis," he said, blinking up at that young man very amiably, "it would be agreeable to see a little more of—of Miss Sandys; wouldn't it? And the other——"

"We could easily do that."

"Eh? How?"

"By engaging an attorney to defend ourselves in court," said Ellis grimly.

"Pooh! You don't suppose that brown-eyed girl——"

"Yes, I do! *She* means mischief. If it had rested with the other——"

"You're mistaken," said Jones warmly. "I am perfectly persuaded that if I had had half an hour's playful conversation with the brown-eyed one——"

"You tried playfulness and fell down," observed Ellis coldly. "If I could have spoken to Miss Sandys——"

"What! A girl with steel-gray eyes like two poniards? A lot of mercy she would show us! My dear fellow, trust in the brown eye every time! The warm, humane, brown eye—the emotional, the melting, the tender brown——"

"Don't trust it! Didn't she kodak twice? You and I are now in her Rogues' Gallery. Besides, didn't she take notes on her pad? I never observed anything humane in brown eyes."

Jones polished his nose with the mosquito salve.

"How do you know what she wanted my picture for?" he asked, annoyed. "Perhaps she means to keep it for herself—if that gray-eyed one lets her alone——"

"Let the gray-eyed one alone yourself," retorted Ellis warmly.

"You'd better, too. Any expert in human character can tell you which of those girls means mischief."

(Continued on Page 18)

GREENROOM STORIES

Some True Tales of Stage Folk

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

HERE are some stories of stage folk—tales they've told, experiences they've had. I've picked the materials in trains, in dressing-rooms, at little after-theatre suppers, in hotels—wherever and whenever I found them. There's the tale of Edwin Booth and a little fly—of Joe Jefferson and his recipe for a farce—of Henry Irving and a railroad train—of Bernhardt, Del Puente, Mrs. John Drew and others. Some of the stories are interesting, some are not—but every blessed one of them is true—which is a very satisfying thought.

So to our mutton!

Fifteen years ago I attended a little supper party after the opera. Del Puente, Modjeska and her husband, Count Bozenta, Basta Tavary, and one or two others, were present. Talk chanced on strange experiences—and Basta Tavary told this tale:

"We were traveling in Bavaria, and I was prima donna of the company. We were told that the next night a 'command' performance would be given—that the crazy Ludwig of Bavaria wished to hear us in La Somnambula.

"Ludwig had a little theatre connected with his palace, and in this theatre La Somnambula was to be sung. The curtain was to rise at nine precisely.

"Promptly at that hour the opera began. Never will I forget the sight that greeted me. I had expected a wonderful picture of royalty—of women superbly gowned and men in full court costume—and the flash of jewels from every part of the house. But there wasn't a soul in the front with the exception of the orchestra—not even the royal box was occupied.

"But we had been 'commanded' to sing, and sing we did. The entire first act was gone through—and I declare I never in all my life had such a feeling of uncanniness come over me. For the performance was being given without a break of any sort—every speech, every song was given just as if the theatre was crowded to the doors. Most terrible, though, and most disconcerting, was the ghostlike silence that would follow a song. We grow to expect applause in our profession—it is meat and drink and life to us. Sometimes it is faint and feeble—sometimes it rolls and volleys like thunder—and lifts us off our feet with its inspiring volume. Substitute for this helpful, noisy tribute a silence so terrible that it gets upon your nerves, and you may imagine how we felt when the curtain dropped on the empty house at the conclusion of the first act.

"The second act began—and still no person had come to see or hear. Then a door opened in the rear of the royal box and Ludwig, King of Bavaria, entered. He was alone. For half a minute he stood, then he crouched into a chair and sat there like some misshapen thing. In five minutes he was gone—just whipped out the door as suddenly as he had come in. Nor did we see him again—although the opera went on to its natural conclusion.

"It was the weirdest, uncanniest experience of my life—and I wouldn't care to repeat it."

Mrs. George O. Starr was known, years ago, as "Zazel." She was the highest-priced artiste with the Barnum circus, and twelve times a week would dive from a tiny platform at the top of the big tent and land in a huge net in one of the rings. One night she half-turned in her descent, struck the edge of the net with her back, bounded high in the air—and was picked up unconscious. For six months thereafter she lay in a plaster-of-paris mould from her hips up—and she never dived again!

A Thespian Crazy Quilt

ONE night she showed me a curio—a slumber-robe. In olden times the bit of spread six feet square would have been known as a "crazy quilt." But time's refining influences have changed these things into slumber-robes.

"There are over six hundred bits of oddly-shaped pieces of silk and satin in this spread," said she as she displayed the quilt, "and it's a scrapbook of men and women who are known all over the world. It is made of bits of gowns and clothes worn by actor, actress, circus performer and freak. This small square came from one of Ellen Terry's frocks, and right next to it is a bit of the wedding gown worn by Anna Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess when she took a big fellow for better or for worse. Mrs. Tom Thumb contributed a piece of yellow silk, and Jane Hading part of the hem of the gown she had on the night she scored her first success at the Comedie Française. This ruby-colored satin came from my tights—the ones I wore the night I just managed to strike the edge of the net. I'll never wear tights again, so this bit of satin has especial significance to me. Here is a piece of Henry Irving's necktie, and this is a corner of one of Tamagno's silk handkerchiefs. Forty dwarfs and five giantesses have contributed to this spread; and riders, clowns, contortionists and aërial performers have given me bits of their apparel. That black square is from one of Lily Langtry's frocks, the green diamond-shaped piece of silk is from Anna Jones, the bearded lady, and that gray satin octagon is from a sunshade carried by the Empress Josephine.

"It took me five years' traveling with the circus to collect my material—but it's a wonderful little scrapbook, isn't it?"

One night Marcus Mayer, manager, at one time or another, of nearly every star of international reputation, told me a little tale of Sarah Bernhardt. The story illustrates two things—the divine Sarah's keen sense of humor and her nervous temperament.

"It was during Bernhardt's first American tour in 1881," began Mr. Mayer. "The scene of the story was Mobile. In those days there was but one theatre there, and John McCullough usually played a three-night engagement every season. But in 1881 the manager of the Mobile theatre wanted the tragedian to play a week in that city, and McCullough consented, stipulating, however, that the local manager should not book any attraction at his theatre for two weeks previous to McCullough's coming. Then, the tragedian argued, the Mobilites would be actually hungry for an attraction of any sort.

"Well, that was the theatrical condition that confronted me when I went to Mobile to talk business with the local manager. I wanted Bernhardt to play for one night only, but the Mobile manager ruefully showed me his contract with

McCullough and said he was bound to observe its conditions. However, I found that in Mobile was a place called Temperance Hall, and that entertainments of all sorts, from church fairs to medicine shows, were given there. So I engaged Temperance Hall and advertised Bernhardt.

"The hall was primitive in the extreme — candles did duty for footlights and benches for seats. But the place was packed at big prices when the curtain went up on Bernhardt's Camille.

"You remember the feast-scene in the first act? Well, the property-man of Temperance Hall had a couple of papier-mâché chickens that had done duty for thousands of years. Bernhardt was particular regarding properties for her plays, but the property-man of Temperance Hall thought that if his chickens were good enough for variety shows they were good enough for Sarah Bernhardt.

"Along came the papier-mâché pullets in the first act — the sorriest, most dilapidated travesties on the chicken family that ever graced, or disgraced, the table of Camille. One leg apiece was all that was left, and on each side, so they could preserve their equilibrium, big chunks of wadding had been placed in the plate to prop up the fowls. In bringing them on the stage, the wadding had slipped its moorings, and each lone chicken leg stood stark and stiff in the air — like brown chunks of wood peering from under a snowdrift.

"Bernhardt gave one look at the miserable chickens and burst into laughter. She gave another look and another peal of laughter. Then she ran over to the sofa and rolled on it, alternately laughing and crying. We rang down the curtain at once, took Bernhardt to her dressing-room, and sent for a couple of doctors from the audience. They labored over Sarah for fifteen minutes, then ordered her sent to her hotel. For two hours she had violent hysterics, and then slept.

"Of course the audience was dismissed — but no one knew that the cause was laid at the door of two one-legged papier-mâché chickens surrounded by white wadding."

The Player's the Thing

IT WAS Marcus Mayer again who told me this story of Booth, and it is a refutation of the old adage that "the play's the thing" — in some cases it's the player.

"One of Booth's beliefs," said Mayer, "was that, when an actor reached that point in his profession where his name was a magnet, his supporting company could be composed of mediocre players. 'Not,' said Booth, 'so the talent of the star may shine with greater strength by reason of the contrast with the efforts of his weak company, but because the playgoer comes to see the actor who is thought great and not the play the actor may be illumining.'

"But Booth's friends tried to persuade him otherwise, and in 1882 they induced him to get together a company of excellence and try results for one season. Booth did so. He was booked to play a two weeks' engagement at the Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia. The first week of his engagement brought in eleven thousand dollars to the box-office. Then Booth's wife died, and he hurried on to New York, his company being advertised to appear in repertoire during the second week in Philadelphia, minus Mr. Booth. The result was that Booth's company played to three hundred and fifty dollars for the week, giving eight performances — a trifle less than forty-four dollars each performance. And, as Booth afterward said, had it been a barnstorming aggregation instead of a magnificent organization of superb players, it couldn't have played to less money."

The Fly in Booth's Ointment

TALKING of Booth brings to mind a talk we had on the unreliability of memory, and what a little thing it took at times to throw the orderliness of one's mental machinery helter-skelter.

"I do not know how many hundred times I have played Hamlet," he said. "One night I was in the middle of the famous 'To be or not to be' soliloquy that every schoolboy knows. I had stopped for a fraction of a second to note a fly that alighted on the arm of my chair. The momentary diversion of looking at the fly threw my mind from the soliloquy, and when I paused for a second I found myself completely at sea.

"My presence of mind did not desert me. I passed my hand over my forehead, and looked out at the audience as if in deep thought. With the speed of an express-train I began at the beginning of the soliloquy and dashed along mentally until I had reached the word where the fly had taken possession of my thoughts. Then, when I came to the place where my memory had failed, the words that followed came back quickly and naturally. Once more passing my hand over my brow, I went on as if nothing had happened.

"I think," concluded Mr. Booth, "that after a man has played a certain rôle a great many times the words come to him mechanically and without any particular meaning attached to them. The slightest diversion — even a fly — is sufficient to break the thread of continuity."

But for no reason under the sun an actor may forget his lines — as witness this story told by Jeff de Angelis in a café one night during the run of The Jolly Musketeer.

"I think I lost ten pounds in one minute to-night," he said. "In the second act of our show Harry MacDonough and I have a duet with dance accompaniment — he sings two lines while I dance around the stage — then I come to the footlights and sing my two lines while he dances. Well, MacDonough had finished his two lines and down toward the footlights I pranced for my couplet. Then, for no earthly reason, what I was to say went clean up in the air, like a sky-rocket, and left my brain bare of one single thought. It came on me like a flash that I must fake; so I pranced around stage again trying to think of the two lines I was to sing. Counting performances and rehearsals, I suppose I'd sung the couplet two hundred times at least, but it had vanished from my memory as completely as if I'd never known it. As I neared the footlights for the second time I paused: 'Hurry up — hurry up!' called the orchestra leader to me. I was in a perspiration of despair then, and my legs were so tired I could hardly budge them. But I danced over toward MacDonough: 'My first word — I'm stuck!' I said to him in a frenzied stage whisper. He called it to me — and I was down stage singing the two tiny lines that had eluded my memory.

"I lost ten pounds between fright, despair and perspiration in the minute I was hunting the word to start me, yet I'd sung the verse at least two hundred times, and had no reason for forgetting it. Can you explain why I forgot?"

Stuart Robson and Joe Jefferson have both made their final exits, so of more than ordinary interest may be this tale that one tells of the other.

I was in Robson's dressing-room one night while he was playing Oliver Goldsmith. He'd asked my opinion of the play, and I had answered that there did not seem to be enough humor in it to label it, as he had, a comedy.

Robson shrugged his shoulders. "Let me tell you a story. Once I produced a play called Champagne and Oysters — the funniest farce I ever played. From the beginning to the end it was one series of laughs. The first night I produced it Joe Jefferson came back to see me immediately after the fall of the final curtain.

"'Well,' I said, beaming, 'what do you think of it, Joe?'

"'It's too funny to be a money-maker,' answered Jefferson.

"'Too funny!' I echoed, dumfounded.

"'Yes; too funny,' repeated Jefferson. 'You don't give the audience time to rest between laughs — so you tire them out laughing. You'll never make a penny out of the play.'

"And I didn't."

Jefferson's Recipe for a Farce

MENTION of Jefferson recalls his recipe for a comedy — or, to be more exact, the recipe he gave to Willie Collier.

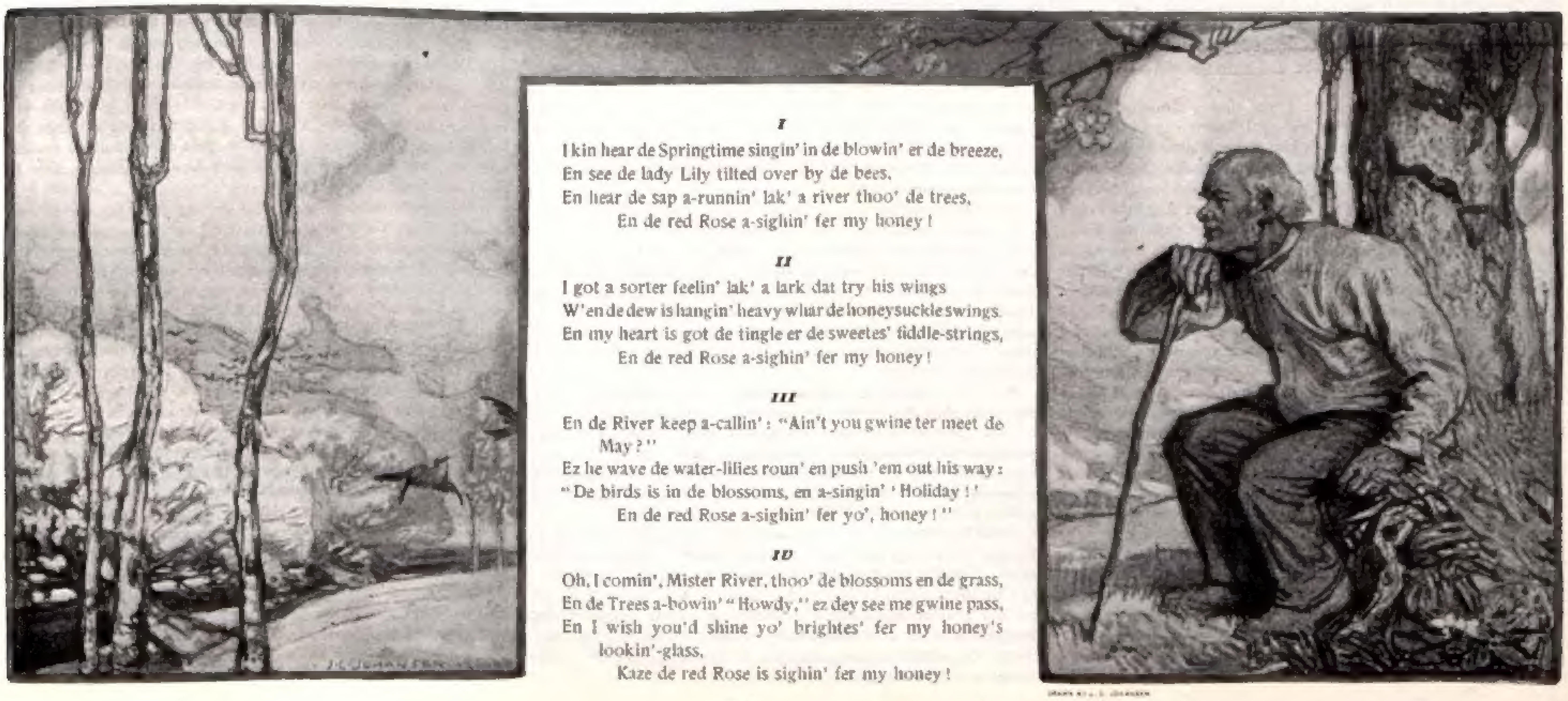
"Willie Collier came to me yesterday afternoon," said Mr. Jefferson, "and, he was in great perturbation of mind. He had finished a play called Mr. Smooth, and wasn't quite satisfied with it because, in certain portions, when he was on stage, the play seemed to lag. And I gave him this advice: 'Whenever you come on stage get a line or a situation that evokes a laugh from your audience — whenever you go off stage get a laugh. That's the beginning and the end — the middle will take care of itself.'

"And, I believe that's sound advice," concluded Jefferson with a twinkle in his eyes.

And, whether it was or was not, Willie Collier played a very successful season when Mr. Smooth was produced.

The Singing of the Springtime

BY FRANK L. STANTON



I

I kin hear de Springtime singin' in de blowin' er de breeze,
En see de lady Lily tilted over by de bees,
En hear de sap a-runnin' lak' a river thoo' de trees,
En de red Rose a-sighin' fer my honey!

II

I got a sorter feelin' lak' a lark dat try his wings
W'en de dew is hangin' heavy whar de honeysuckle swings,
En my heart is got de tingle er de sweetes' fiddle-strings,
En de red Rose a-sighin' fer my honey!

III

En de River keep a-callin': "Ain't you gwine ter meet de
May?"
Ez he wave de water-lilies roun' en push 'em out his way:
"De birds is in de blossoms, en a-singin' 'Holiday!'
En de red Rose a-sighin' fer yo', honey!"

IV

Oh, I comin', Mister River, thoo' de blossoms en de grass,
En de Trees a-bowin' "Howdy," ez dey see me gwine pass,
En I wish you'd shine yo' brightes' fer my honey's
lookin'-glass,
Kaze de red Rose is sighin' fer my honey!

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD

The Heap Big Potlatch of Major Dalkeith, Remittance Man

BY VINCENT HARPER

WITH the Major, it all depended upon how and when you took him. That was why I could not get my bearings exactly when Jean-le-Bo, the squat little Songhees siwash, showed up at our logging camp 'way back in the heart of the tall timber country behind Quatsino, and told us in italicized Chinook all about the Major's "heap big potlatch, golly!" The other fellows roared—the Major, poor old wreck, was anything but a psychological problem to the boys; but as I listened to Jean-le-Bo's wide-eyed story of the Major's recent eruption I confess that I felt that there could be only one explanation—the wreck had been stranded and pounded hard and had finally gone to pieces.

Now, a chap who has spent twenty years on the Coast, and worked at pretty much everything, at pretty much every place from Sitka to Tia Juana, is apt to have seen any number of wrecks, and I had seen plenty, God knows, in my time; but somehow none of them had ever hit me so hard as the Major, for some reason, hit me. Very soon after running across him I saw that there was not only a tide in the affairs of the Major, but that, in his case, the tide was the whole story. Taken at the flood, I had always felt, it might lead on to something possibly finer and nobler than comes of some tideless lives; but at the ebb—well, mud flats are mud flats, you know, at dead low water!

So I did not laugh when the others did at Jean-le-Bo's wide-eyed story. Instead, I tried to figure out how the Major stood in the vital matter of his tidal relation to the Ten Commandments at the time of his latest outbreak; and then, without saying a word to the boys, I struck off with the Indian into the old Comox trail, not very clearly foreseeing what I intended to try to do, but very sure that, if there was still a ghost of a show to get the rare old derelict off at the next high water, I wanted to have a hand in the job. Not that a timber-cruiser like me, with most of his back-East sentiment long ago knocked out of him, feels it on his conscience to play father confessor to the gang of assorted failures whom despair—and sometimes the police—drives up into the woods; but, ever since I first ran up against him, the Major had been, not on my conscience exactly, but on my nerves. The tide was at heart-breaking ebb at the time, and the wreck hard and fast on the hopeless flats; but something about its lines appealed to me, and I fell to calculating the chances and the cost—yes, and the joy of salvage.

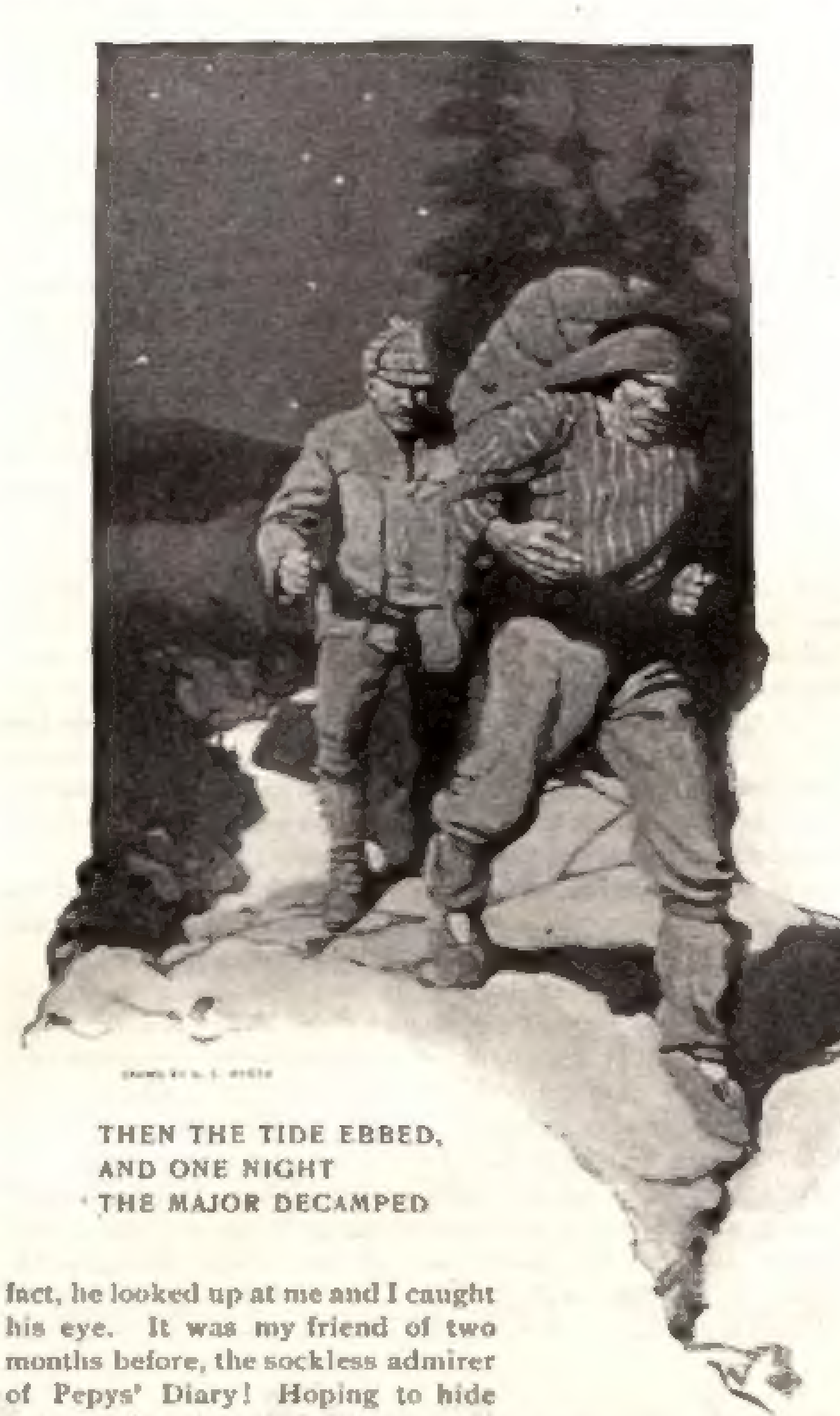
He was standing, a Cruikshank picture of elegant elation, in a greasy tweed cap, a faded and frayed military raglan covering Pity alone can say what multitude of sins of omission, and a soiled white Ascot tie diverting attention, not quite successfully, from palpable shirtlessness—standing, I say, with misfit rubbers on his sockless feet, in front of a second-hand bookstall around the corner from the Yesler Way down in Seattle. He was poring with your born bibliophile's nice discrimination over a fine old copy of Pepys, His Diary—rare books as well as men are flung by fate upon this final Coast—and serenely oblivious to the rain which was pouring over him. I saw him; I saw at least in faint outline something of the soul's tragedy which had been his; and my heart leaped out to the old ruin as the sparks fly upward.

Some nine or ten weeks later I was sitting alone in a little afternoon-tea shop in Victoria, when I heard some one come in and take a place at the table just back of me.

"A pot of tea, some toasted buns, and the last Punch, please. Ah, thank you!" said a quiet, cultured English voice to the maid, and presently a quiet, cultured English laugh bore testimony to the fact that humor may be discovered in the least likely places, even in Punch itself, if one looks for it in a quiet English way. When I could do so, without seeming to, I turned and saw a middle-aged gentleman scrupulously, not to say fashionably, dressed, with a sprig of early arbutus in the lapel of his dapper gray frock coat, and a monocle whose easy repose in its precarious ledge of scarcely perceptible wrinkle showed that it was at home. The large, distinguished head was bald, save for the fringe of sandy hair which was brushed smartly forward above the ears, and the dimensions and droop of the mustache completed the soldierly and aristocratic appearance of the nice, pink, daily tubbed, wholesome old boy.

Coast types are fairly marked, and as I returned to my tea I sized up my charming old neighbor—half-pay officer, of course; bungalow and Chinese cook out Esquimalt way; Irish terrier waiting for him now out on the door-mat; keen on shooting and golf, until the rainy season and that old touch of gout drive him to tea and Punch; Oxford man, and cousin, by marriage, to at least a viscount—that sort of thing. Lots of him in the Northwest.

I had paid my reckoning and was waiting for my change, when, as I stood near him, I got a better look at him; in fact, he looked up at me and I caught his eye. It was my friend of two months before, the sockless admirer of Pepys' Diary! Hoping to hide my surprise, I turned quickly, and began to fit him into another equally common type—remittance man; shack out Cowichan way; frock coat, monocle and boutonnière on arrival of quarterly remittance, and then a rapid brandy-and-soda evolution toward the raglan stage, with a possible last slump into opium and a consequent sockless exile across the American border—through it all, however, reminiscent traces of kinship with an Oxford man with a taste for rare editions of old authors.


THEN THE TIDE EBBED, AND ONE NIGHT THE MAJOR DECAMPED

He was deep in the solution of the next Punch joke again, and I made bold to study him. It was he beyond a doubt, and now that I could look at him critically I detected the vibration of the carefully manicured hand that held up the paper, and the alcoholic lack of fixity in the otherwise strong eyes. Pocketing my change and this new problem in human life, I was nearly at the door when the gentleman rose from his table and spoke to me.

"I beg your pardon," he said with some reticence but with perfect breeding, "but are you not Mr. Brooks? You will overlook my rudeness in accosting you, I hope, when I tell you that I have—not with me at the moment, alas!—a letter of introduction to you, sir, from his lordship the bishop. I desire to consult you on a matter of some importance—to myself; could you find time to see me in the next day or two? Dalkeith is my name—Major Dalkeith, late of his Majesty's service."

For one niggard instant—long since repented of—I assumed that the matter of importance on which he wished to see me was the negotiation of a small loan; but I am proud to remember that I immediately took a more generous view of the matter, and told him that, as I was leaving by the morning train, I must ask that he tell me now what I could do for him.

"All the better—thank you so much," he replied, adding as he paid for his tea and buns: "And if you don't mind, suppose that we step around to the club, where we can talk quietly?"

I forgot to be surprised at his being a member of the club in the greater amazement I felt when, as we sat over our Scotch-and-soda in a bow-window of that exclusive establishment, Major Dalkeith revealed his object in seeking me. He spoke slowly and painfully.

"The fact is, Mr. Brooks, that I am temporarily embarrassed financially—properly strapped, I don't mind telling you, and I want you to take me up into the woods with you—pray don't laugh, for I'm fit, sir; fit as ever I was; I am, really!"

I was cornered. I had met more than one college man sweating out rum and ruination amid the crashing timber in the frozen forest, hewing with desperate strokes a clearing for his soul; but a middle-aged bookworm, subject to alternating periods of monocled dilettantism and sockless wanderings, struck me as being problematical material for the lumber-camp. I was frank and stammered something about having no clerical position to offer him just then; but a drowning man brooks no evasion, and the Major was all in.

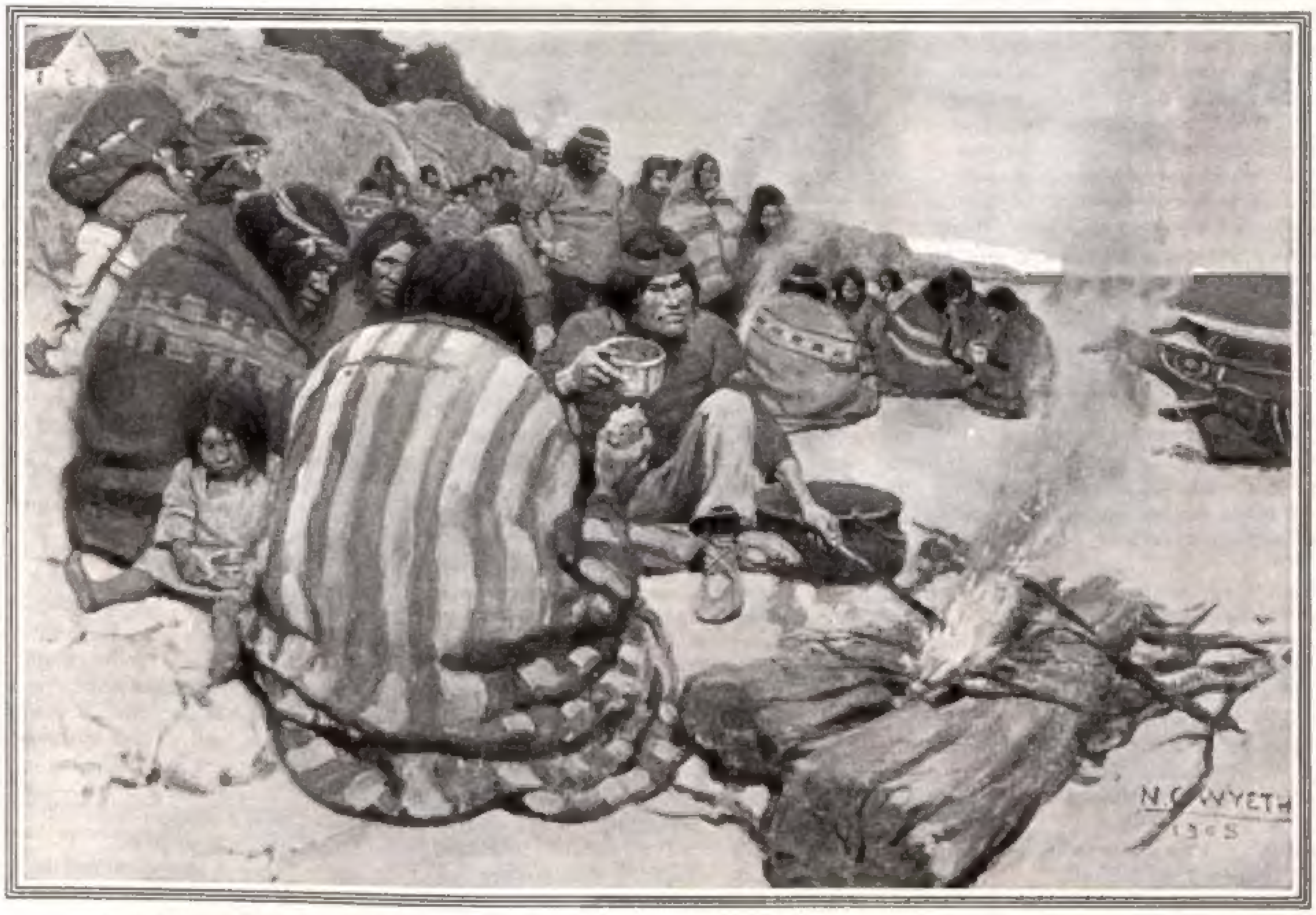
"Quite so," he protested, "but it's not a clerical position that I desire—it's work, hard work and plenty of it—the kind that sweats hell out of a man and knocks pluck into him. The fact is, sir"—he dropped his voice to the humiliating confidential tone to which only drink drags down pride, and laid his hand on mine—a tragic and uncomfortable caress—"the fact is, sir, that I must get away from here where, I don't mind telling you, I'm in the way of—of—of going to the devil properly. You won't refuse me, will you? For God's sake let me go North with you immediately, for I can't vouch for myself in a week's time. And really things are rum with me when I am down—beastly devilish rum, let me tell you! I've just now managed to pull myself together, and now, as man to man, I appeal to you: get me clear before the tide falls! I have a few choice books—all that is left of what I had on earth—and if you will accept them—some of them are very rare—if you will accept them as a slight evidence of my appre——"

I stopped him with almost a cry of deprecation. The way his lips trembled when he spoke of the books; the memory of him as he had stood that day in the mud and rain and squalor with his head and his heart breaking through to the light as he pored over Pepys; and the thought of this finely-nurtured man, forced to tell me what he had just told me—all was a bit more than I cared to bear, with him watching me. Well, to make a long story short, the Major became a woodsman, for I took him North on the very next day. As a lumber-jack he was not a success, but his rod and gun kept the camp supplied with trout and salmon and pheasant and grouse. Then the tide ebbed, and one night the Major decamped, having bribed a no-good Metlahkatlah siwash to guide him through the forest to town and whisky.

For several years after that, whenever I had occasion to pass through Victoria, I looked up Major Dalkeith, usually being able correctly to locate him by referring to the calendar. If my visit happened to be made at or just after a quarterly remittance I could count upon finding the Major, shaved and in his singularly right and cultured mind, browsing among the books of reference in the Parliament library; but if I chanced to reach Victoria when the last remittance was long ago and the next not due, my search became more difficult, and sometimes ended in the discovery of a befuddled and drugged wretch in some obscure and fetid cellar in Chinatown. Quite naturally, then, the Major got upon my nerves, as I have said, and as I came to know the rare old fellow better and better I came to feel more than an underwriter's interest in my unique man-wreck. Also I came to have less hope of saving it.

Accordingly, when Jean-le-Bo drifted into our camp and told us about the Major's potlatch I felt a vague misgiving that this meant ruin; it meant, I feared, that finally the hawsers of God's patience must have parted, and that "a total loss" must be set down against my wreck at the eternal Lloyds. So I struck off into the Comox trail and made my way without a moment's loss down to Victoria. Arrived there, I counted upon three men to put me into as many ways of finding Dalkeith. The calendar had failed me, for, if what Jean-le-Bo had said was true, the Major's last and most degrading fall had taken place within three days of the arrival of that unfailing means of grace, a quarterly remittance; but one or other of the three men would surely give me light. Sergeant O'Flynn, V. C., or else the Honorable Percy Mordaunt Villiers-Hope, remittance man, or else Kwong Kai, surely must know. Alas! Neither Sergeant O'Flynn nor Mrs. O'Flynn had laid eyes on the Major—"Hivin bless 'um fur as foine a gintleman and as tinder-heaarted as iver ye see!"—for many a long day, and they supposed that he must have returned to England. I had frequently rejoiced on finding the Major at the sergeant's cottage near the barracks, at the ticklish slack of the tide, when the charity that thinketh no evil will of course ask no questions nor make uncharitable deductions, but generously recognize that what a "tinder-heaarted gintleman" most needs at such a time is—sleep, Irish stew, and talk of the old days of courage. Men who have fought side by side through the hell that wins the Victoria Cross are apt to stand true to each other in the deadlier trenches of life, and so Sergeant O'Flynn, V. C., stood by Major Dalkeith, V. C., when the Major failed in the Passes of Death, as the sergeant had stood by the Major when he fought and won in the Khyber Pass.

Since the Major was not safe and repentant at O'Flynn's, I must go lower and look for him at the unpainted shack in a desolate clearing on the Cowichan near Duncans, in which retreat the Honorable Percy Mordaunt Villiers-Hope, remittance man, often received brother remittance men in their hours of uttermost distress. It happened that, as the Honorable Percy's quarterly remittances became due and payable just midway between those of the Major, one of the gentlemen was always on the up-grade toward affluence and sobriety when the other was on the down-grade toward inebriety and the condition spoken of by them as "stony broke." Thus each was in a position to give his erring friend shelter, the counsels of perfection, and bromo-seltzer, the same to be repaid in kind three months from date and each quarter-day thereafter. I found the Honorable Percy stony broke and very anxious about the Major—anxious also to get a trifling loan from me. He had not seen the dear old beggar, don't you know, for a deucedly long time, and I could jolly well believe that he was regularly in a blue funk lest the dear old boy—no end a good sort, the Major!—had regularly gone to the dogs, you know; and if I didn't mind, a tenner, yes, or even a fiver, would do.



"AN EXHIBITION, SIR, OF SELF-EFFACEMENT WHICH SHAMED OUR PUNY CIVILIZED PHILANTHROPY"

I must go still lower, for the Major's nonappearance at the Honorable Percy's shack meant that opium must have sucked him down once more below the level of even the sufficiently indulgent code of remittees. Kwong Kai, then, could put me on his track. I burrowed to Kwong's sanctum deep in the noisome warren back of Fisguard Street, and found the lynx-eyed and omniscient heathen squatting beside a tabouret of carved ebony in the room back of the back room, beyond a series of inner and inner rooms, each of which appeared to be the innermost—until a panel was slid back, or a trapdoor raised, or a curtain drawn aside.

But Kwong knew nothing. Even when I had piled no less than ten five-dollar pieces upon the tabouret beside the little pile of opium pills which he was rolling, Kwong deigned to do no more than shake his head and say, "No savvy." When I doubled the ante, however, the strain upon his conscience became too great, and he confessed. The Major, he said, had smoked a little, two, three, four months ago—no savvy just how long ago. My hundred dollars chinked into his till, and I worked my way out of the stifling hole, back to God's light and air.

The nauseating orgy which Jean-le-Bo alluded to as a "heap big potlatch" was now accountable. Also the subsequent mysterious disappearance of the last timbers and spars of my old wreck. Either the Major was already in some neglected corner of Potter's Field, and so my wreck was one of those of whom "nothing was ever heard afterward," or I might find the derelict lurching about, turned turtle, among the human sewage of the "restricted district" in Seattle, or San Francisco, or other Coast port.

Seattle being the likeliest, because the nearest to the ledge on which the good ship went finally to pieces, I hurried there, not very hopeful of success, however, nor, indeed, knowing just how I meant to go about the task of finding what I sought. I could afford only a week, at most, and five days had gone by without my getting the slightest clue—the police and city missionaries proved as useless to me as did the saloon-keepers and the proprietors of tramp resorts—and I was walking aimlessly about the streets down by the tide flats late in the evening when, through the open door of a longshoremen's reading-room and refuge, I heard the Major's voice. Worming my way through the knot of men who stood about the door, I got a look into the dimly-lighted and smoky room in which possibly thirty or forty tramps and other castaways were listening to the old man, who was addressing them so simply.

It was the Major. It was only a year since I had seen him, but he looked ten years older, and in nameless other ways the change in him was even greater than that in his suddenly acquired old age. He wore a cheap hand-me-down suit, but his linen was faultless, and the new light of spiritual conquest gave to his fine old face a refinement that was pathetic, for it bore evidence that the soul of the man had achieved victory "so as by fire." I waited behind those by the door until the Major had done speaking—such simple, forthright, stimulating speaking it had been, too!—and then I went forward and he saw me.

"Brooks!" he cried, as he wrung my hands again and again. "By Jove, old chap, I should have been so glad to have known where to reach you any time this twelvemonth, I should really, for—for—well, there's been a bit of a change in my plans, you know."

I was careful to refrain from any show of surprise, for, always a man of the finest feeling, just now the Major must have felt like a wound any allusion by me to his past defeat.

"Yes," he went on, after bidding the loungers about the refuge good-night and passing out with me, "things have looked up rather since we last met. In fact, thank God, I've held on to myself for nearly a year—a pretty stiffish campaign, let me tell you, Brooks."

"Shake!" I blurted out as I grasped his hand, for there are times when a chap forgets the nice things he ought to say, and just feels—a chap, that is, who has roughed it for twenty years on the seamy side of life on the Coast.

"Where are you stopping?" asked the Major, after we had walked in silence for some time. "I'd ask you to come with me to my lodgings, only I'm living so beastly cheap that I ——"

But I stopped him and persuaded him to take me to his home wherever and whatever it might be. So we walked on, still in silence, and he led the way to a dingy rooming-house off lower First Avenue, on whose top floor Major Arthur Macklyn Dalkeith, V. C., late of his Majesty's service and now of the Salvation Army, occupied a rear room measuring perhaps ten feet by eight. He lit the lamp and I caught sight of the red band with gilt letters on his cap. Also as he stood for an instant under the full light of the lamp, I noticed the unmistakable signs that showed that the life-saving crew had not got his soul off one day too soon, for the wreck was breaking up woefully fast. Carried away by a sudden impulse, I was going to throw my arms around the dear old fellow, but, recollecting his reserve and British dislike of demonstrativeness, I merely slapped him on the back and looked what I felt.

"Not much of a place to bring one's friends to," he said, after pressing me to take the solitary chair, "but I'm at present writing up the Indians of the Northwest during the day; trying to get some of those poor chaps whom you saw down at the refuge on their feet in the evenings; and consequently haven't much time to make money. A young fellow whom I am coaching in Greek pays me the four dollars a week which it costs me to live—here!"

"Shake again!" I said with a hearty laugh as I arose and pushed him back on the bed.

"By Jove! this feels rather comfortable," he said as he stretched out on the bed, "and, if you don't mind, I'll lie here while I tell you how it all happened. A potlatch did it. I had never seen a potlatch, when one day as I was coming home from poor dear O'Flynn's—you'll take time, will you not, to drop in and see the sergeant one of these days, Brooks, and tell him how things are with his old major?—and just as I reached the bridge they were opening the draw and I was in for a good twenty-minutes' wait. I chanced to look down on the beach and saw that it was swarming with scores of up-country siwashes and klootchmans in gala dress, and when the bridge-tender told me that old Charlie Hawk, a prosperous Cowichan brave, was going to have a potlatch I stopped to have a look at the unique proceedings.

"It was extraordinary, believe me—amazing, splendid! The generous old beggar had come by something like fifty or sixty dollars in ready money, and, scorning to die rich, as well as stirred by the traditional impulse of his forebears, he had decided to give it all—all, mark you, together with everything he had on earth—to his relations and his friends. It was an exhibition, sir, of self-effacement which shamed our puny civilized philanthropy. And you never saw such a bewildering assortment of junk-shop splendors as Charlie Hawk had got to shower among his lucky friends. There were second-hand stoves, alarm clocks that wouldn't alarm, kerosene, and plug-tobacco, and fishhooks, and bucksaws, and mildewed blankets, and rusty firearms, and flour, and a pair of hopelessly punctured bicycle tires, and tins of tomatoes, and a pony, and the Lord only knows what not besides.

"It was deliciously funny—touching beyond words, this total giving up of everything for others! I talked to some of the old braves about the matter, and they explained to me that in the good old days a man prepared for battle and for death by stripping himself bare of all he owned, and that the proper way to show one's gratitude to God for any gift was to bestow the gift immediately on some one else! How's that, now, Brooks? Well, sir, as I walked home I did some of the deepest thinking of all my life, and on that very day I set about preparing for my potlatch—the potlatch, Brooks, which, under God, has made a man of me. I wrote and told my people at home in England that my quarterly remittance must be cut off—it was the regular arrival of those d——d fifty pounds that kept me down. And then I——"

"It took pluck, Major," I broke in, wondering at his nerve—knowing, as I did, how whisky had unnerved him.

"Say God's grace rather," went on the Major. "You know, in England, when a chap falls his people pack him off to one or other of the distant colonies, forgetting that loneliness will certainly finish the work of ruin; and so long as he stops away and does not disgrace them at close range they send him not enough to set him on his feet in anything like his old way of life, but quite sufficient to grease the downward grade by keeping him from the necessity to work. Well, thanks to old Hawk's potlatch, I found myself at last compelled to work or starve, and instantaneously my fighting-blood was up, and Dalkeith of the Coldstreams looked at me from my mirror *for the first time in years.* No waiting now for reënforcements! Dalkeith was holding the last trench as a man holds it who knows that not a solitary squad can be sent up to help him, but that he must depend upon his one last round of ammunition—on that and God Almighty!"

"Yes—yes! Go on, sir, pray go on," I managed to say when the Major stopped to wipe his sad old eyes.

"The next night as I strolled about the streets, trying to think out what I would better do to make my bread, I passed the little band of poor Salvation Army lassies, and stopped to hear them sing. One girl—a fresh, sweet, Devon lass,

(Concluded on Page 24)

The Good Gray Poet at Home

His Intimate Talk of Men, Letters and Events

BY HORACE TRAUBEL

Copyright, 1905, by Horace Traubel

APRIL 22, 1888.— Rhys once said to W. in reply to W's question: "William Morris always mentioned you kindly, genially, in fine friendly fashion, admiringly, with full acceptance." Spoke of Nihilism in Russia. "That seems about the only thing left to a Russian. Revolution may be the only conservatism." W. said to a visitor in my hearing: "The American people wash too much." "See," said the visitor to me; "what did I tell you? His gospel is a gospel of dirt." "What did you say to that?" asked W. of me. "I only said you were misunderstood — that what you meant was that the American people did not sufficiently honor the trades, the physical occupations." "Of course, and wasn't that obvious?" "Not to your visitor." "I suppose not. But what do such visitors come for, anyhow? To be confirmed in their prejudices? I think our people are getting entirely too decent. They like nice white hands, men and women. They are too much disturbed by dirt. They need the open air, coarse work — physical tasks: something to do away from the washstand and bathtub. God knows, I'm not opposed to clean hands. But clean hands, too, may be a disgrace. It was the disgraceful clean hands I had in mind."

W's friends often rally him about his aristocracy. W. says for himself: "I appeal to no one: I look in all men for the heroic quality I find in Cæsar, Carlyle, Emerson — find it, too, it is so surely present. If that is aristocracy, then I am an aristocrat."

I spoke of Lincoln — of the Nicholay-Hay biography. W. said: "That reminds me." Reaching forward to the table and pulling a letter out from under a block: "Here's a letter from John Hay to me written long ago — twelve years ago. I laid it aside for you. It illustrates the friendly basis upon which our acquaintance rests. When Hay was with Lincoln I used to see a great deal of him. He has been loyal — has always watched my work, has inevitably appeared at the right time with his applause. Here is the letter. It is mighty decent of John to talk out in meeting as he has — to avow his faith. But read the letter." W. had written some memoranda on the letter, which was without an envelope: "July 25, '76. Letter from John Hay (Custer poem slips & paper sent him July 25)."

CENTURY CLUB, 109 EAST 15TH STREET, July 22.

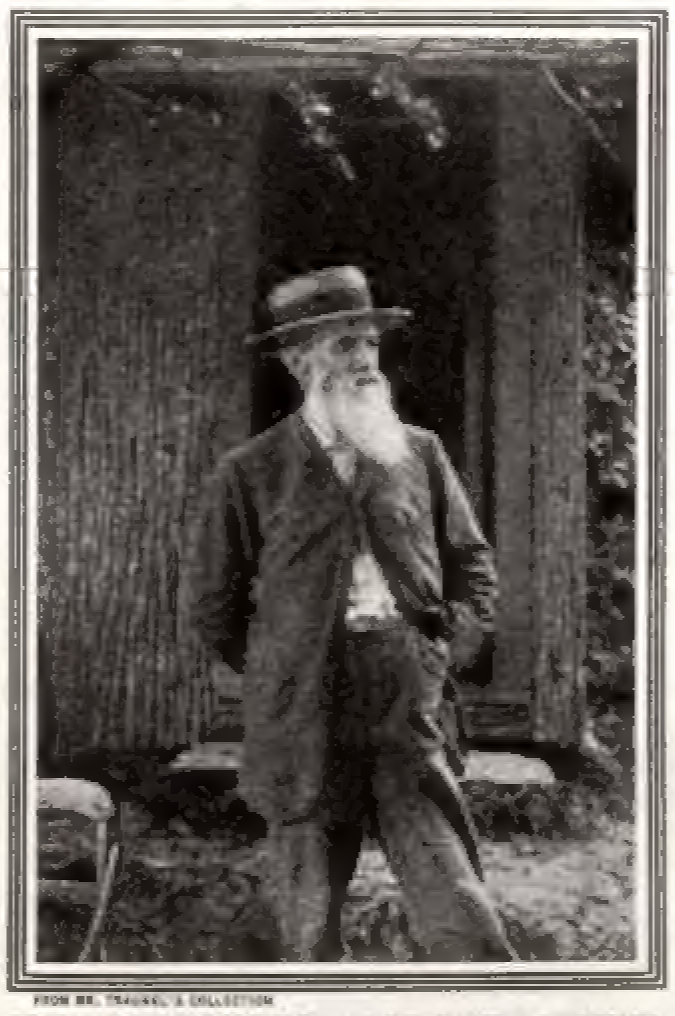
Dear Mr. Whitman: I thank you heartily for my share in your Custer poem, which I have just read. It is splendidly strong and sustained and full of a noble motive. I am especially glad to learn, in such an authoritative way, of your health and vigor.

I wish you would take the trouble to let me know when your volume of collected works is to be published and where I can subscribe for it. I have heard that it was to be published by subscription, but I have not heard any further details.

My address is now 506 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio; and I would be very much obliged if you would spend a moment in letting me know how to get an early copy of the book for which many are looking.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HAY.

"There's no use talking," said W.; "I no doubt deserved my enemies, but I don't believe I deserved my friends."



FROM MR. TRAUBEL'S COLLECTION

JOHN BURROUGHS, A LIFELONG FRIEND, COUNSELOR AND CRITIC

APRIL 23, 1888.— W. got talking of Emerson again. "The world does not know what our relations really were — they think of our friendship always as a literary friendship: it was a bit that, but it was mostly something else — it was certainly more than that — for I loved Emerson for his personality and I always felt that he loved me for something I brought him from the rush of the big cities and the mass of men. We used to walk together, dine together — argue, even, in a sort of a way, though neither one of us was much of an arguer. We were not much for repartee, or sallies, or what people ordinarily call humor, but we got along together beautifully — the atmosphere was always sweet, I don't mind saying it, both on Emerson's side and mine: we had no friction — there was no kind of fight in us for each other — we were like two Quakers together. Dear Emerson! I doubt if the literary classes which have taken to coddling him have any right to their god. He belonged to us — yes, to us — rather than to them." Then after a pause: "I suppose to all as well as to us — perhaps to no clique whatever."

W. wandered from this into some side remarks on what he calls "the New York crowd of scrawlers." Of Stedman: "Stedman's judgment sometimes has a grandmotherly tinge." Of Stoddard: "I allow for Stoddard what he will not allow for me — that he has written good things. He wrote a fine Lincoln poem. Then he wrote a poem called On the Town, I think — about a girl: a superb poem." Of Ripley, now dead: "He was a noble scholar: I read him at one time with great assiduity. He never struck anything off with his own fire, but he knew what to do with the fire of other men." He summarized on New York in this way: "It is life to the letter but death to the spirit. It is a good market for the harvest but a bad place for farming." W. spoke of Washington as "a big man, after all." I said: "But I think Lincoln was a bigger man, after all."

W. laughed and replied at once: "I know you are right — Lincoln was more likely as a Walt Whitman Horace Traubel man: Washington belonged to another period, to another social era: yet Washington is too big to be trifled with. I allow him his full measure. But Lincoln? Well, we are very near Lincoln. He is like somebody that lives in our own house."

APRIL 24, 1888.— W. was joyous over what he called "a piece of the best news." What was the best news? "The Whitman Club in Boston has petered out! It failed because I sat down on it! I wrote Sylvester Baxter, who, you know, is on the Herald there — yes, and to Kennedy, too — discouraging the idea. I said I had no objection to be studied by anybody who thought I was worth studying — God knows I ain't worth it: ask Willie Winter if I am! — but I never wish to be studied in that way. I seem to need to be studied by each man for himself — not by a club. Anyway, I was 'agin' it. My word was not law, of course; they could have done anything they chose about it: but they asked my opinion and I gave it in a way that seems to have made itself felt."

I referred to the Browning clubs. He waived the comparison by saying: "They no doubt have their own excuse for being."

APRIL 28, 1888. — W. said: "I have this afternoon mailed two pieces to the Herald — two more throws against oblivion." I laughed — W. adding: "It does seem funny. A man makes a pair of shoes — the best — he expects nothing of it: he knows they will wear out: that's the end of the good shoe, the good man. Any kind of a scribbler writes any kind of a poem and expects it to last forever. Yet the poems wear out, too — often faster than the shoes. I don't know but in the long run almost as many shoes as poems last out the experience — we put the shoes into museums, we put the poems into books."

He had watched at Gloucester (New Jersey) the drawing of the seine. "I will put it into a poem: it was dramatic: it would make a wonderful picture."

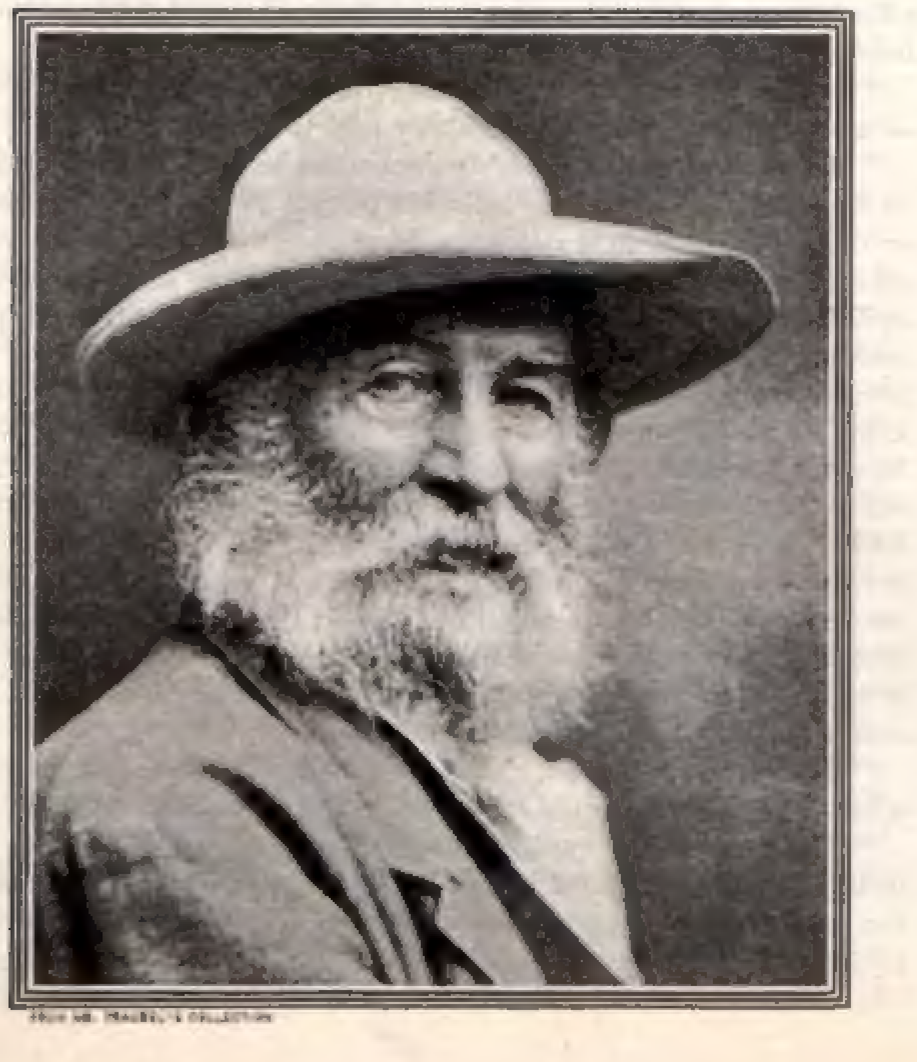
Frank Stockton has recently lived at Merchantville, near by. Had Frank called? "I do not think so, though I do not remember all my callers. I confess that my curiosity is slight, though I might like Frank at close quarters. The story writers do not as a rule attract me. Howells is more serious — seems to have something to say — James is only feathers to me. What do you make of them? — What is their future significance? Have they any? Don't they just come and go — don't they just skim about, butterfly about, daintily, in fragile literary vessels, for a while — then bow their way out? They do not deal in elements: they deal only in pieces of things, in fragments broken off, in detached episodes."

Then he mentioned Stedman again: "Stedman always feels that he should be judicial — the dominance of that principle has held him down from many a noble flight. Stedman seems so often just about to get off for a long voyage and stops himself on the shore. Why shouldn't we just let go — let life do its damnedest: take every obstacle out of the way and let it go? Why should being thought foolish, or unreasonable, or coarse hold us back? We can go nowhere worth while if we submit to the scorners."

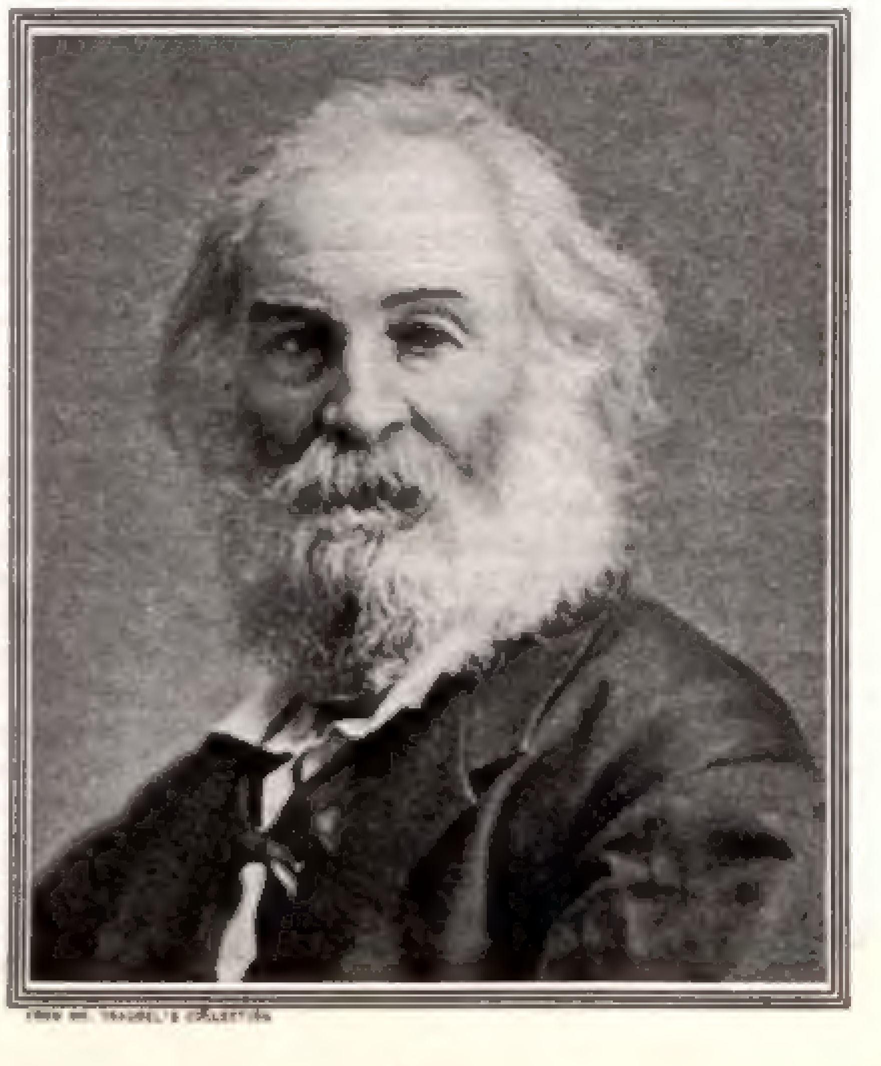
APRIL 29, 1888 (SUNDAY).— W. took a drive at eleven, forenoon, and came in at Harned's after supper at 6:30. Had been to see the Staffords, at Glen Dale. In good feather, "feeling rather peart," as he said. Drove up alone. No one at Harned's door. I saw him from the window. He held the reins and called out, waiting for some one to see or hear. When we had helped him into the hallway he said instantly: "I came for a drink — oh! I am that thirsty for it! I could wait no longer — have had it in mind, could not get rid of it, for an hour past."

Some one remarked the fine day and he exclaimed: "Oh! it is perfect! And I saw out there such a field of fine new sweet wheat!" W. sat up at the table. We were gathered about him, he eating and drinking and talking. Got telling about

Editor's Note — This is the second installment of selections made by the editors from the diary of Horace Traubel, one of Walt Whitman's literary executors and intimate friends.



FROM MR. TRAUBEL'S COLLECTION



FROM MR. TRAUBEL'S COLLECTION

TWO LITTLE-KNOWN PORTRAITS OF WHITMAN IN HIS LATER YEARS the dinner the other day at Gloucester. "They wanted a toast from me—a toast to three eminent good fellows—and I gave them President Cleveland, Gladstone and the Emperor of Germany. I got myself into trouble. You should have heard the uproar. They all kicked on one or another of the three—some of them kicked on all three. But I held my own. I don't believe in Cleveland because I think he is any great shakes in himself, but because he has done some honor to his office—has done his best: not your best or my best, but his best. I never knew a President to totally fail." Johnson was mentioned. But W. stuck to his plea. "Even Andy Johnson. In all the line of Presidents, I do not think we have had one absolute failure—I think every President so far has made more or less honest use of the office. You object to the Emperor William? Well—object: objection is right, too. I called him a good fellow—he *is* one, too! He is one of the very best emperors in all history—tries to do right—makes a big strain to size up to the emperor ideal he has had in his mind: why should we gag at it? As long as we consent to have emperors, why shouldn't we be glad to have the good fellow emperors? Some one cried out there at Gloucester: 'You're d——d tolerant, Walt!' Am I? Call it toleration, if you choose. I only call it common-sense—philosophy. I am extreme? Perhaps. But then it is with America as it is with Nature: I believe our institutions can digest, absorb all elements, good or bad, godlike or devilish, that come along: it seems impossible for Nature to fail to make good in the processes peculiar to her: in the same way, it is impossible for America to fail to turn the worst luck into best—curses into blessings."

Harned told W. that Gladstone had come out with a reply to Ingersoll. This excited W's humor. He laughed gently. Said he: "Gladstone is no match for Ingersoll—at least, not in such a controversy. Of course, he is a great man, or was—has had a past—but in questions of the theological sort, in questions of Homeric scholarship, he is by no means much. Oh! there will be a funny time of it!" Here he put his two hands together scoop-wise. "Bob will take him up this fashion, turn him over (all sides of him), look at him sweetly, ever so sweetly, smile—then crunch him!"—to illustrate which W. worked his two hands together as if to crush their imagined burden—"Yes, crunch him, much as a cat would a mouse, till there's no life left to fool with!"

May 10, 1888.—Longfellow was mentioned to-day. Whitman recalled a visit from L.: "He came with Childs, but I was not at home—had just started off for the ferry. They came after me, followed me, and inquired of one of the men at the wharf, who told them I was on one of the boats, for which they waited, but our talk was very short."

The man they questioned at the ferry was Ed. Lindell. After they had gone, and as Walt came from the boat, Lindell asked him the name of the man with the gray beard. W. told him, but was more inclined to talk of Childs than of Longfellow.

I asked W. about L's port and manners. W. said: "His manners were stately, conventional—all right, but all careful."

"Was his conversation striking?"

"Not at all—he did not branch out or attract."

"Was he at all like Emerson?"

"Not a bit. Emerson was as different as day from night—indeed, had the best manners of any man I ever met; by this I mean manners in the right sense: manners, words, thoughts, always right, yet never at any time suggesting preparation or design. Emerson always seemed to know what he wanted. If I was asked to put him into two words I should give 'sincerity' first—always first—and—oh! I had a more apt word a minute ago, but now it is gone. I may call it 'definiteness': yes, sincerity and definiteness Emerson never lost this quality. In his last days, when it was said his mind had failed, he remained of this aspect: in fact, it seemed to me to be emphasized. Emerson only lost the outward, the superficial—the rest of him remained untouched I thought Alcott had really lost something. He came to see me in Brooklyn once just before Emerson. While Emerson was with me I asked him about this breakdown of memory or what-not in Alcott, but Emerson would not have it my way He was gentle, but firm—he opposed my observation.

"Emerson never lacked decision; he was, indeed, the firmest of men, never shaken from his place—unshakable—he never unhatted to any person or any power—any institution—never went out looking for things which did not come to him of their own accord. Alcott had a lot of queerities—freakishnesses: not vegetarianism—I do not count that—but transcendental mummeries—worst of all, a most vociferous contempt for the body, which I, of course, opposed I spoke to Emerson about these things that day, but my comments made no impression: I saw that Emerson had his own opinion of Alcott and was not going to let me disturb it—though that was not my intention: underneath all I had every sort of respect for Alcott myself."

May 13, 1888.—Some discussion of officialdom in Washington, W. arguing: "From my experience at Washington, I should say that honesty is the prevailing atmosphere."

Somebody laughed. It seemed so improbable. W. stubbornly resumed:

"Let me explain that I do not refer to the swell officials—the men who wear the decorations, get the fat salaries—they are mostly dubious enough, though not all. I refer to the average clerks, the obscure crowd who, after all, run the Government: they are on the square. I have not known hundreds—I have known thousands—of them. I went to Washington, as everybody goes there, prepared to see everything done with some furtive intention, but I was disappointed—pleasantly disappointed. I found the clerks mainly correct, mainly honest, anxious to do the right thing—very hard working, very attentive. Why, the clerk jobs are often the worst slavery: the clerks are not overpaid: they are underpaid. Washington is corrupt—has its own peculiar mixture of evil with its own peculiar mixture of good—but the evil is mostly with the upper crust—the people who have reputations—who are 'better' than other people."

WALT WHITMAN'S LIVING-ROOM IN THE MICKLE STREET HOUSE

May 16, 1888.—Referring to Swinburne, W. said: "He is always the extremist—always all pro or all con; always hates altogether or loves altogether: as the boy says, he goes the whole hog or nothing: he knows no medium line."

"When he loved you, he loved you too much. Now that he hates you he loves you too little."

"I suppose that's so: I don't know what I deserve or what I don't deserve. Tom said the other day: 'Swinburne either insults you or hugs you—he knows nothing between.' That's just the point—yet that 'between' something or other is more worth while than all the rest."

W. asked me: "You worked a long time ago in a print shop, didn't you?"

"Yes, for four years."

"Good! good! That's better than so many years at the university: there is an indispensable something gathered from such an experience: it lasts out life. After all, the best things escape—skip—the universities."

May 18, 1888.—Harned mentioned Seward in some way W. took the name up: "I once heard a great speech from Seward—one of the greatest speeches, if not the greatest speech, I have ever heard. It was in Washington, in a negro case—a brutal, degraded specimen, with no more sense than a horse, or not as much. Seward made the case a race case his appeal was a masterpiece in itself—yes, successful, too—though the man was undoubtedly guilty."

W. spoke of editions of Leaves of Grass. "The book no longer contains errors worth talking about—a few in spellings or words, but none that are damaging. I had three sets of proofs of the Osgood edition, and still a number of mistakes crept, or stayed, in. Books are like men—the best of them have flaws! Thank God for the flaws."

I said: "If it wasn't for the flaws love would be impossible."

W. looked at me a spell. Then he said: "That sounds startling. Say it again." I repeated it.

W. was slow to speak. Then he pushed his fingers down upon the arm of his chair "Horace, you are right. The idea scared me at first. You are right. Tom, Corning, ain't he right?"

May 26, 1888.—Harned and Corning came in. They got talking of Thoreau. Corning had been reading something new about Thoreau—said he knew Thoreau's mother and sister. W. was drawn out and gave his own description of Thoreau—of T's several visits to W. in Brooklyn.

"Thoreau had his own odd ways. Once he got to the house while I was out—went straight to the kitchen where my dear mother was baking some cakes—took the cakes hot from the oven. He was always doing things of the plain sort—without fuss. I liked all that about him. But Thoreau's great fault was disdain—disdain of men (for Tom, Dick and Harry): inability to appreciate the average life—even the exceptional life. It seemed to me a want of imagination. He couldn't put his life into any other life—realize why one man was so and another man was not so: was impatient with other people on the street, and so forth. We had a hot discussion about it—it was a bitter difference: it was rather a surprise to me to meet in Thoreau such a very aggravated case of superciliousness. It was egotistic—not taking that word in its worst sense."

Corning broke out: "He was simply selfish; that's the long and short of it!"

W. replied: "That may be the short of it but it's not the long. Selfish? No, not selfish in the way you mean, though selfish, sure enough, in a higher interpretation of that term. We could not at all agree in our estimate of men—of the men we meet here, there, everywhere—the concrete man. Thoreau had an abstraction about man—a right abstraction: there we agreed. We had our quarrel only on this ground. Yet he was a man you would have to like—an interesting man, simple, conclusive.

"When I was at Emerson's," he continued, "Mrs. Emerson told me that Thoreau stayed with her during one of Emerson's trips abroad. She said that Thoreau, though odd, was good, equable, assiduous, likable throughout. I asked Sanborn that time at Concord who, of all men of Concord, was most likely to last into the future. Sanborn took his time in replying. I thought he was going to say Emerson, but he didn't. He said Thoreau. I was surprised—looked at him—asked: 'Is that your deliberate judgment?' and he said very emphatically: 'Yes!' I thought that very significant—considering who Emerson was, Thoreau was, Sanborn was—very, very significant."

Pursuing the subject W. added: "When I lived in Brooklyn—in the suburbs, probably two miles distant from the ferries—though there were cheap cabs, I always walked to the ferry to get over to New York. Several times, when Thoreau was there with me, we walked those two miles together."

Corning referred to something Lowell had written about Thoreau.

W. said: "I have never read it: I do not seem to care much about Lowell's work."

May 28, 1888.—W. said he has received "no less than three invitations to dinners the last week." Did he decline all of them? "All of them—all. Old men who have enjoyed a certain amount of fame—done great work—require to be fêted, noticed, flattered, commended, cultivated by the ladies, taken the rounds of clubs, of the towns, of meals—of dinners and suppers. I don't seem to like that sort of attention myself. I have heard that Bryant—still a cute, wise old man—would go of an evening from club to club—the Union League, the Goethe Club, what-not—being everywhere deferred to—meetings often, 'perceiving the great so-and-so present,' inviting him to the platform, and so forth and so forth. I except Emerson from the catalogue of the honeyfugled old men—and Tennyson—though I believe Browning was a clubman. Even Longfellow yielded to some extent.

"The best thing I have lately heard about Browning is that he disapproves of the Browning clubs. Bravo for Browning! Down with the clubs! Good-by, clubs!

"Bryant was anyway a good fellow—I always liked to meet him—to have him around, to be around with him—liked to sit next him: I often met him and debated with him.

"When I last saw Bryant he was the very color of death—like this paper here"—reaching forward and touching the cover of a brown-yellow magazine—"the very color of death. He never had a ruddy face, but, until that occasion, had never seemed to me of a sickly hue."

The Memoirs of an American

BY ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.

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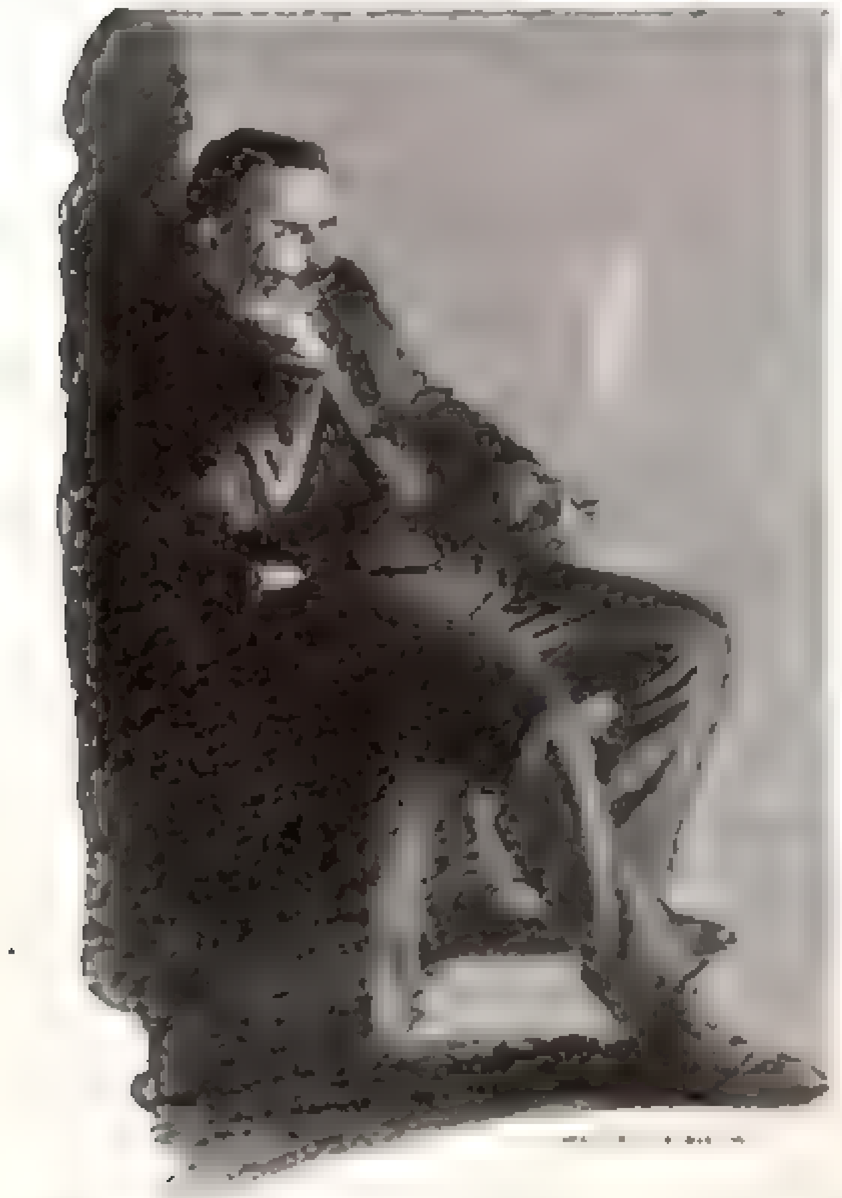


SOMEHOW YEARS HAD GONE BY IN THAT EVENING; I WAS HEAVY WITH THE HEAVINESS OF MIDDLE LIFE

CHAPTER XXI

AS EVERY one knows, the recovery of business from that awful fit of depression which followed '93 was slow. At times it would seem that the country was ready to throw off its sickness and begin to grow again. Then would come along some new set-back, and we were all in the dumps

It had been a hard fight to keep the Meat Products Company afloat during these hard times. It was all we could do to pay our fixed charges, which were heavy, as most of the concerns that formed the corporation had demanded bonds for their properties before they would consent to join us. There was, of course, a big issue of stock, preferred and common, which, by a mutual agreement, was not to be marketed for three years. We had not yet come in sight of a dividend on this stock; hence there were signs of dissatisfaction among the little fellows, who had expected wonders of the company, and the time was fast approaching when they would be at liberty to dump their stock on the market.

Since the secret attempt through the tool Frost and his "syndicate" to thwart our plans, the Strauss crowd had kept their hands off us. They knew well enough what was our financial condition, and were biding their time to strike. But so far, clear down to the winter of '96, we had been able to meet all interest charges promptly, and had thus kept the corporation from foreclosure. This year, as the time approached for the March payment of interest on the bonds and sinking fund requirement, it became evident that our treasury would not be able to meet the sum required, and it would be necessary for us to borrow. We already had a good deal of our paper out in Chicago, and so Slocum and I went East to raise what we needed. That was not so easy as it would have been in the days when we could rely on Farson's aid. But after considerable efforts we got together what was needed for the emergency, and I left for home. That was the fourteenth of February. I congratulated myself that the danger was past, for I knew that, with the opening of our new plant in Kansas City, and the constant improvement in our business, we ought to be beyond attack when the next payment was due in the fall. After that we should be on the road to dividends.

I had been at home a couple of days, my attention given to other matters of importance, when one morning notice came from the Mercantile National Bank, where we did most of our business, that our notes were called. We had something over $200,000 in "call" loans due that bank, and though, during these uncertain times, we could not get even three months' paper, the management of the Mercantile had been friendly to us from the start, and I had no reason to anticipate trouble in that quarter. But when I went over to see the Mercantile people I met only a polite and cool reception. The loans were called; the bank must have its money; money was hardening, and so on. It was a granite wall, with just as much human consideration as stone and steel — and back I went to my office to think.

There was more than the ordinary bankers' caution in this sudden financial frost, but, whatever was the power working against us, it was strong enough to close the doors of credit throughout the city. Wherever I went those dreary two days, from bank to bank, I was met with the same refusal money was not to be had on any terms. The word had gone out that we were a doomed ship, and not a bank would touch our paper. After a second sleepless night I made up my mind to a desperate step.

As soon as I reached my office on the last day of grace I got old Strauss himself on the telephone and asked for an appointment. He was gracious enough when I reached his office: it was the cordiality of a hungry eater before a good meal

"What can I do for you, Mr. Harrington?" he purred.

I cut into the meat of the matter at once

"What are your terms?"

"Do you mean that you wish to sell?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it."

"Then how can I help you, Mr. Harrington?" he inquired blandly.

"You can take your hands off the banks, and let us get a living"

He shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, as if I gave him credit for too much power, and we had it out at some length He had no interest in the Meat Products Company. If the corporation went into the hands of a receiver he and his friends might consider buying it up, and he was willing to discuss terms if we wished to deal in a friendly manner before it reached the courts. I arose as if to go.

"Very well, Mr. Strauss," I said dryly. "You have made it impossible for us to get any money in Chicago, but you don't own the earth. There is money in New York — about $250,000 lying there for me at this moment.

"To pay your interest on your bonds," he shot back, showing how closely he had followed us.

"Yes," I admitted, "to meet our March interest and sinking fund. But I am going across the street to the telegraph-office to wire it out here and take up our paper."

He looked at me inquiringly, waiting for the next move

"And the March interest?" he suggested.

"We shall default."

The old dog raised his eyebrows, as if to say that was what he was waiting for.

"Of course," I went on, "that is what you have been working for, and that is why the Mercantile people come down on us at this moment. You think you have got us where you can squeeze the life out of us. Well, you have."

"You are a smart young man, Harrington," the great packer replied genially. "But you have got into a big game You'd better have listened to Carmichael when he offered you a chance with us."

"Thanks!" I said glumly

"Now, why can't we avoid a fight, and settle this matter between ourselves? There might be something good in it for you."

"I know the way you settle such matters"

"According to your own talk, there isn't much left for you folks."

"Only this," I said slowly, and I walked back to his desk and leaned over it: "I don't sell out to you. We default. The bondholders will foreclose, and maybe your crowd will hold the bonds. But when we get into the courts, Mr. Strauss, on a receivership, I go before the judge and tell the story. I have the papers, too. And part of that story will have to do with certain agreements which our company has made with you and the other packers. And more than that, behind these arrangements there are a lot more of the same kind in our safe, that we got from Dround and others. Now, if you want the whole story aired in court and in the papers, you'll have your wish

"Pshaw!" he said coolly, "you don't suppose that bluff counts! They can't do a thing to us."

"Maybe not," I replied. "Nothing more than a Congressional investigation. And that might block your little game."

"Go on, young feller!" he said contemptuously.

"That's all. I want you to know that I am in this fight to the end, and if it ruins me and my friends I will see that it hurts you. Now, if you want to fight, let the bank call this money."

We had some more talk, and, though the great packer maintained an air of indifference, I knew I had made some impression on him. Then we parted, and the old fellow paid me the compliment of seeing me as far as the door of his office

From Strauss' place I went to the telegraph-office, wired for the money in New York, and in due time presented myself at the Mercantile Bank ready to take up the notes, as I had told Strauss. The president of the bank was waiting for me with a flurried look on his face.

"You have come to renew, Mr. Harrington?" he said, as if there had been no trouble between us

"No," I said; "I have come to pay. I don't do any more business with you"

"We have reconsidered the matter, and we shall be very glad to renew your paper."

Strauss had seen the point to my remarks, and concluded to retreat!

"Thank you, I don't care to take any more call money from you fellows," I said placidly "You make too much trouble"

Well, when I left the president's room I had arranged for a loan of $300,000 for six months. I had measured myself against the great Strauss, and never again would the big fellow seem to me so terrible. I judged that, for a time, the American Meat Products Company would be left to do business undisturbed

On my desk, when I returned from the bank that afternoon, was a telegram from Mr. Dround from New York: "We arrived to-day — leaving for Chicago."

For once, Mr. Dround had made up his mind in a hurry.

CHAPTER XXII

"IN ROME you must do as the Romans, or be done!" I quoted jocularly.

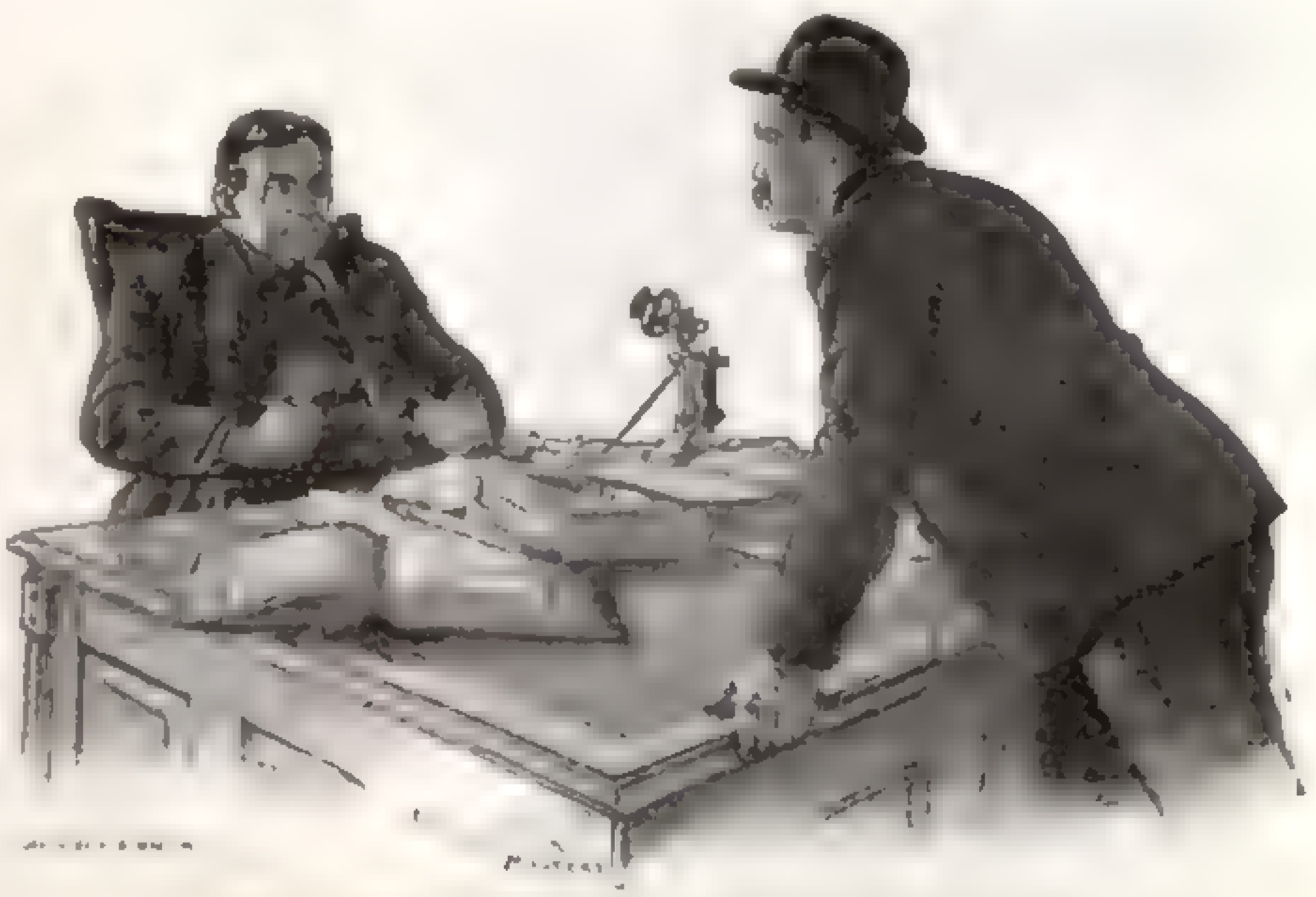
Mrs. Dround smiled appreciatively

"From all accounts you have been a tremendous Roman!"

"Well, at least I haven't been done — not yet."

Jane Dround smiled again and turned her face from the window of the library through which could be seen dots of ice and snow sailing out on the lake. The years she had been abroad had dealt lightly with her. She had grown a trifle stouter, and looked splendidly well — dark and strong and full of life

"I did my best," she continued half-humorously. "I tried to get lost in darkest Africa beyond the reach of telegrams and newspapers. But a party of Chicago people coming up the Nile crossed the path of our dahabiyeh, recognized us, came aboard — and brought the story. Cables wouldn't hold him then! We came as the crow flies: it was no use to plead sickness — he was ready to leave me behind in Paris!"



"ONLY THIS," I SAID SLOWLY; "I DON'T SELL OUT TO YOU"

She laughed high spirits

"It was nothing much to get excited about," I replied a little impatiently, "and it has passed now, anyway, like a winter snow in the city — slush, water, nothing!"

"But the principle! You forget the principle!" she remonstrated dryly

"I know — he's going to resign from the presidency — that ought to satisfy his principle — but we must keep him on the board"

"It was a judge, too! A sworn officer of the law!" Mrs Dround interrupted, quoting demurely from Henry I.'s remarks about the injunction scandal

"Very well, he can make over his stock to you, then! It won't trouble you, and you can draw the big dividends we are going to pay soon. I don't want him to get out now, when the fruit is almost ripe to shake"

"Is that the only reason?" Mrs. Dround asked shrewdly

"Of course, we don't want his stock coming on the market in a big block. It would break us all up. And it might get into the wrong hands"

For Mr. Dround, in the brief interview that we had had on his return, had intimated his desire not only to withdraw from the presidency of the corporation, which had been merely a nominal office, but to dispose of his stock as soon as the agreement expired in the fall, suggesting that I had best find some friendly hands to take his big holding. In his gentlemanly way, he had told me that he had had enough of me and was quite ready to snow me under, if it could be done in a polite and friendly fashion

"So you want him to wait?" Mrs. Dround suggested indifferently.

"Yes, until I am ready!"

"Well, let me show you some of the new pictures we have bought." And she turned me off with a lot of talk about pictures and stuffs and stones, until I arose to leave.

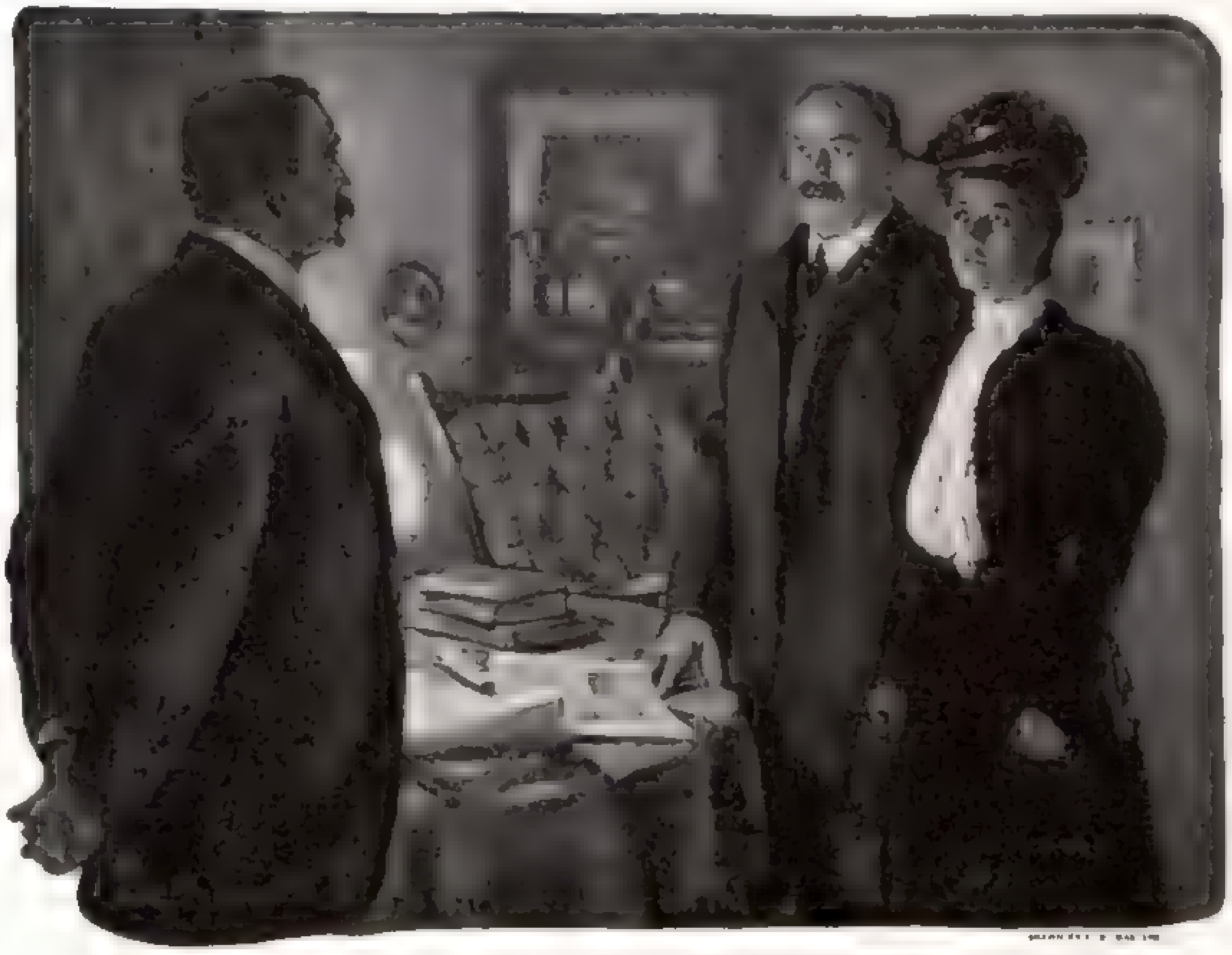
"I came to welome you home," I said. "I want you still to be my friend, my partner!"

"They say you are a dangerous partner," she retorted, looking closely at me, "deep in all sorts of speculative schemes, and likely to slip. They say you are un—scrupulous"—she drawled the word —"and a lot more bad things. Do you think that is the right kind of partner for an ignorant woman?"

"If she's got the nerve!" I said, holding out my hand

"Well—then what? — Come again!" she replied, giving me a firm hand. "I'll listen!"

My carriage took me back to the city, where I had an engagement to meet some men who were interested in some schemes for the development of the new Southwest. As I rode through the windy, dusty streets my thoughts went back over the years since, at the suggestion of this woman whom I had just left, I had put my hand to building something large out of Henry I. Dround's tottering estate



"COULDN'T YOU FIND ANY ONE ELSE TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK BUT YOUR OWN BROTHER?"

In a busy life like mine, one event shades into another Each path on which a man sets his feet leads to some crossroads, and from there any one of the branches will lead on to its own crossroads. While the adventurer is on his way it is hard to tell why he takes one turning and not another, why he lays his course here and not there. Years later he may see it plotted plain, as I do to-day: plotted as on a map Then the wanderer may try to explain what made him move this way or that. Yet the little determining causes that turned his mind at the moment of choice are forever forgotten. The big, permanent motive remains: there is the broad highroad — why was it left, why this turn and double across the main track?

So it was with me The main highroad of my ambition was almost lost in the thickets in which I found myself Struggling day by day against the forces that opposed me, I had lost sight of direction The words with Jane Dround, the flash of her dark eyes, pierced my obscurity, gave me again a view of the destiny to which I had set myself Some fire in her fed me with courage, and made my spirit lighter

When I reached home in the evening I found Sarah ill with a nervous headache

"Will is back!" she exclaimed on seeing me, and her tone seemed to hide some meaning beyond her words

"What's that? He didn't send me word"

"May telephoned — he's just got in"

Something unexpected must have brought him suddenly all the way from Texas, where he was looking after our interests The news was disturbing.

"I saw Jane Dround this afternoon," I remarked idly "She's looking fine — never saw her better"

"Where did you see her?"

"At her house — went to welcome her back, and I had some business with Henry I, but I missed him"

"You always seem to have a good deal of business with Jane, too."

"I wish I could do it *all* with her!"

"I don't like her

Sarah, who rarely said a bitter word about any one, spoke this harshly and I looked at her in surprise

"I don't trust that woman, Van! She is secret. And I believe she got you to do that horrid thing about the judge

It was the first time for months that Sarah had referred to this matter

"I'll go and ring up May," I said, not caring to refute this wild accusation, "and get them to come over to-night"

"I asked them for dinner, but she wouldn't come," Sarah remarked gloomily. "No one wants to come here but people like the Webbs and Coopers — people who think they can make something out of your schemes."

"Oh, they aren't the only ones. And what's the matter with the Webbs and the Coopers? If the rest of your friends don't like us, we can get along without their society I guess New York will stand us, and that's where we shall be before many years, if all goes well. This place is only a gossipy old village"

"But I don't want to go to New York!" Sarah wailed

When I had May at the telephone she answered my invitation in a dry little voice

"Yes, we are coming over to see you about a matter Will has something important to say to you"

By the tone of May's voice I judged that we should have a rather lively family party, and I was not mistaken. Sarah was still lying on the lounge in my study when Will and May came in after dinner. There was battle in May's eyes and in her tight-shut lips. It had been a long time since she had come to the house when I was at home. And to-night Will, too, was looking very pale and troubled

"May," I said, "you look as if you had a gun trained on me. Fire away, only make it something new. I am plain sick of that old matter about the judge. Most everybody has forgotten all about that except you and Sarah

"It's something new, fast enough, Van; but it isn't any better," she retorted. "Couldn't you find any one else to do your dirty work but your own brother?"

"What's the matter now?"

"Show him the article, Will."

Will unbuttoned his coat and reached for his inner pocket From it he hauled out a bulky newspaper, which he handed me. It was a copy of the Sunday Texas World, and a front page article was heavily penciled

"That's too much, Van," he protested solemnly, handing me the paper. "Read it

"Yes, read it all!" May added. The three were silent while I ran through the article. It was the usual gossipy sort of newspaper stuff purporting to describe the means used to put through a piece of railroad legislation, in which I and some New York men were interested. The sting was in the last paragraph

> It is commonly understood that the lobby which has been working for the past winter in the interest of this rotten bill is maintained by a group of powerful capitalists, dominated by the head of a large Chicago packing company. This gentleman, who suddenly shot into publicity the past winter as the result of an unusually brazen attempt to corrupt a Chicago judge has opened his office not three blocks from the State Capitol, and has put his brother in charge of the corruptionist forces. . . . The deserving legislators of our State may soon expect a rich harvest

A few more generalities wound up the article I folded the paper and handed it back to Will No one said a word for a few moments, and then Will observed:

"That ain't pleasant reading for an honorable man!"

"I don't see how it should trouble you, Will. Have I ever asked you to do any crooked work for this bill? You are down there to look after our interests in a legitimate way If you don't like the job, though, I can get another man to take your place"

"Van," May interrupted, "don't try to squirm! You know that's true — what's written there! You didn't ask Will to use money because you knew he wouldn't do anything dishonorable. But you let him take the blame, and sent some one else with the money, no doubt What has that partner of Mr. Slocum's gone down there for?"

"Will," I turned to my brother, "let us settle this by ourselves. It's a man's business, and the women won't help us."

"No, Van," May replied. "I guess we women are as much concerned as anybody Where there's a question of my husband's honor it's my business, too. I stay."

"Well, then, stay! And try to understand. This bill the paper goes for is all right. We must have it to put our road through to the Gulf, and if it were not for the money the Pacific Western road, which owns the State, is putting up against us we shouldn't have any trouble. They want to keep us out, and Strauss and his crowd want to keep us out, too, so that they can have all the pie to themselves. I have been working at this thing for years in order that we can get an outlet to the seaboard, untouched by our rivals. They think to block us just at the end, but I guess they will find out they are mistaken when the line-up comes next month That's all!

"Do you think that explanation is satisfactory? Of course, you want it, Van!" May said ironically "I know that!

"What has Van been doing?" Sarah asked for the first time, sitting up and staring at us in a puzzled way.

None of us answered, and finally Will said

"I guess, Van, you and I don't see things quite the same way. I know you wouldn't ask me to do what you thought was bad, but all the same there's too much that's true in that piece in the paper, and I don't want to have it said — there's things going on down there that ain't right — and May feels — I feel myself, that it ain't right We don't think the same way, you and I So we had better part now, before we have any bad feeling."

"All right Did you come over here to-night just to tell me that?

"No, Van," May put in hastily, her voice trembling with feeling. "That wasn't all Will and I came to ask you to give up the sort of business you are doing down there We want you to turn back into the right road before it is too late. If you don't land in the penitentiary, Van Harrington, your money will do you no good. It will rot on your hands

We were all pretty well stirred up by this time. I was sick of meeting these charges of my dishonesty on all sides. It was too much — to have even my family thinking I was guilty, when I did not think it, not for a minute!

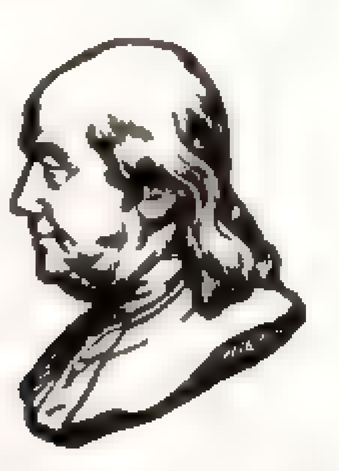
"I don't see why you should say that, May!" Sarah suddenly bridled. "After all, it's only the newspapers, and no one believes them to day"

This unexpected defense from Sarah aroused May afresh

"Oh, he don't deny it! He can't. First it was a judge — he bought a judge and paid for him, and he never came out and denied it! Now it's worse even than that. It's the

(Continued on Page 23)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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When the School Year Ends

THE school year is about to close. What is the "school year"?

First, let us see what it is not. Take off for the long vacation, ninety days; for fall, winter and spring Saturdays and Sundays, seventy-six days; for the Christmas holidays, less Saturdays and Sundays already counted, ten days; for the Easter recess, less its Saturday and Sunday already counted, five days; for legal holidays, at best three days. Total, with no duplications, one hundred and eighty-four days!

From three hundred and sixty-five take one hundred and eighty-four. Remainder, one hundred and eighty-one. The "school year," then, is less than half the year!

In the days when learning was something unattractive and almost useless, and had to be birched into a child, this may have been all very well. But is it so well in this day, when properly taught children, if properly encouraged, like school almost as well as they like play?

No wonder so many children are so reluctant to learn. They would be as reluctant to play if we gave them as little chance to form the play habit.

Board-of-Trade Farmers

A DIRE calamity befell the agricultural interests of the United States the latter part of April. The price of wheat dropped twenty cents a bushel in two days. From the high mark of February there was a loss of thirty-five cents a bushel, or one-third.

This is all the more discouraging because it came at the end of a noble effort on the part of that sterling agriculturist, Colonel John W. Gates, to better the agricultural state. Colonel Gates' operations were founded in an economic principle which is received with favor in many quarters nowadays — not to make two stalks of wheat grow where one grew before; but of two stalks that grow to get one out of the way so the other will be three times as valuable. Unfortunately, some other experts in agriculture, including Mr. Armour, had different views.

Here is the elemental difficulty. The agriculturists themselves cannot get together. Mr. Leiter labored like a hero to enhance the value of wheat. But the benighted farmers kept shoveling out their bins and pouring grain into the market until they broke their benefactor. Mr. Sully, the friend and patron of cotton, boosted prices with all his might; but the planters kept raising cotton and piling it on him until he flattened out like a collapsed balloon.

The thing could, of course, be done and everybody except the consumer made happy, if the agricultural benefactor would hold on long enough. But he never does. Just when he has got the price right he has to let go. Then he always has the bitter consolation of seeing that the very people who were responsible for his defeat — namely, the growers of wheat and cotton — are loudest in their expressions of regret at his undoing. No doubt they think he meant well, although, as a matter of fact, he injured them.

There is no telling what would happen if anybody could corner the market and keep it cornered. But it is easy to tell what happens when somebody tries it and fails. The producer pays for the high price — which was usually of little benefit to him, since it was made after he had sold most of his produce — by having to market his next crop at a low price. In May, 1898, Leiter put wheat to $1.85. By July it had dropped to sixty-five cents and the bulk of the next crop was marketed at that. The average farm price of the four succeeding crops, in fact, was only about sixty cents. Sully put cotton to the tremendous price of seventeen cents; but the price on the last crop was so low that producers talked seriously of burning part of the yield.

Poetry and Spring

THE most influential of brokers of manuscript has announced that henceforth he will not handle poetry. For the present, hard is the fortune of the bard born out of time. Those who lisp in numbers will have to peddle their own wares. To make matters worse, the Literary Czar issues this ukase in his spring announcement — in the very season when, as Emerson discovered, even

The garden walks are passional
To bachelors and dames.

In his sober senses, the spring poet may well feel discouraged. But is he ever in his sober senses? Almost simultaneously with the broker's ban comes a revelation, from Margaret Deland, that a friend of hers has written a poem, "admirable in thought and workmanship," while fast asleep. Commenting on this, one writer instances a sonnet, perfect in all but a single rhyme, which was composed in midnight slumber and was remembered even in the cold gray dawn of the morning after. Banish our old friend Walker's Rhyming Dictionary? We have rather to fear a supplementary volume, a Sleep-Walker's Rhyming Dictionary! Poetry will out.

It is a disease, however, which, in all but the acutest cases, will yield to treatment. The most fruitful method is prophylactic. Palgrave's Golden Treasury, well pondered, has checked the circulation of many a base coin of rhyme. He who reads and digests much good verse will be able to resist the temptation even of a blank half-page at the end of a magazine article on frenzied cities or the shame of finance. Let the sap run strong as it may, a book of verses underneath the bough will divert and diffuse it before it reaches the spring poet's head. Uncle Sam will be the loser in return postage, but the potential rhymer may escape having it written down that he is sappy.

Taking the Graft Cure

MAYOR McCLELLAN has vetoed a bill which proposed to take from New York aldermen all control over local franchises, so they could not sell the people's birthright to the predatory corporations.

This matter of the corporation, the franchise and the alderman is one of the great problems of American business and politics. How to keep the corporation from getting the franchise that the people do not want it to have, which, nevertheless, they must give somebody the power to grant? The New York plan is familiar and rather popular. It consists of a sort of hide-and-seek of taking the granting power away from one set of duly elected representatives of the people and slipping it along to another set in the hope that the wicked corporation cannot find the way to the new repository. But legislatures meet only once a year at most, and it has never been demonstrated that a city that cannot elect one honest set of representatives can elect a second set sufficiently honest to correct the first.

As for the grafting corporation, it is very amenable to public opinion. It invariably reforms the moment the public expresses a will for its reformation — by electing representatives that cannot be bought. Legislative "dope" in the way of graft cure fails on both sides.

Friends of Tainted Money

NEVER has any man been more signally successful than Mr. Rockefeller in "taking care of" his enemies, and never has any had more occasion for the prayer to be saved from his friends. Mr. Rogers began by likening him to those who throve by slavery before it ceased to be illegal. Then a Chicago theologian ended a telegram to him, begging for missionary money, with this burst of sympathy: "Check accepted on face value, and no questions asked." How apt the phrase! Gods and little fishes are still in a titter.

Now comes Mr. Gates with a report expounding the *rationale* of the Rockefeller missionary endeavor. The conversion of the heathen is a stroke of statesmanlike finance. "Look at Japan for illustration!" he cries. "Quite apart from the question of persons converted [we may well neglect the paltry item!] the mere commercial result of missionary effort to our own land is worth, I had almost said, a thousand-fold every year of what is spent on missions." Over Hawaii he waxes exultant. "The islands, already Christianized, are no longer an expense to the missionary societies; and the annual value of our trade with them is seventeen million dollars! Five per cent. in one year would represent all the money that ever was spent in Christianizing and civilizing the natives. When the missionaries went there the Hawaiians were cannibals, without a dollar of exports or imports [benighted beings!]. To-day these islands are an immense source of wealth and comfort to the American people." It forms no part of the calculation that the Japanese have learned from us more of war and slaughter than of peace and civilization, and that the Hawaiians, in the process of contributing wealth and comfort to the American people, have been all but extinguished.

It must be admitted that Mr. Rockefeller is the moral and intellectual superior of the piously commercial Briton as described by Bernard Shaw's Napoleon. When the Briton wants a thing, "he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer the thing that he wants. As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods he sends the missionary to teach the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary: he flies to arms in defense of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it; and takes the new market as a reward from Heaven. His watchword is always duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side to its interest is lost."

The Beauty of Fatherhood

"WHY is it," asks a subscriber of his local newspaper, "that, with all the pother about the beatitude of motherhood, no one has a good word to say for fatherhood?" Why, indeed? When woman is caught neglecting the halo which religion and art have placed on her head, our good President takes it reverently off, polishes it up, and gently but firmly puts it back again. Fatherhood never had any halo, and nobody has missed it. Who ever heard of a man's shirking his duty to the race, and who ever praised him for performing it?

But are his sacrifices less momentous? In war he fights for his home unquestioningly, and dies for it without a murmur. In peace he is the provider, and what goes out in baby clothes cannot go out in golf, motoring or clubs. For the most part, it may be objected, what he loves is business, he has no care for such luxuries. Be it so. Even then he has his natural desires — to leave a salary and go in on his own hook; to branch out here, or to venture there on a flyer. He can't, for that would endanger the stability of the family finances, and even risk the future of his offspring.

Without a thought of his hard lot, he keeps to the highway of mediocrity, and is perhaps despised for doing so by the very wife and children to whom he has sacrificed his dearest ambition. His family shine intellectually, morally and socially. He holds down his chair before a rolltop desk, and pays for the metaphorical gold leaf. There is only one day in the month on which he can reckon on being popular, and that is pay-day.

Even his sins pass unnoted, unless they rise to the magnitude of a public scandal. If he had more glory to gain as a father, perhaps he would be less given to the tortuous ways of corners in wheat or frenzied finance. It is a subject of vital interest to the Republic, and we earnestly recommend that when the President has shot up enough bears he will give it his patriotic and strenuous attention.

Precedents and Presidents

AT PRESENT the Democrats are wrangling over what is and what is not "Jeffersonian." To-morrow, perhaps, the Republicans will be hard at it, with what Lincoln would and what he would not have done as the bone of contention. If Jefferson and Lincoln could rise from their graves, how they could laugh at such spectacles!

One of the never-absent marks of the great man is a contempt for precedent as precedent. Jefferson and Lincoln and all our other great men of the past had one fundamental principle — to do in any given situation that which was wise and just. If any principle they had previously enunciated conflicted with the wise and the just, in that particular newly-arisen situation over it went. And there is the one "precedent of the fathers" that we can afford always to act upon. If Jefferson, a century ago, laid down a course of action that suits to-day's conditions, by all means let us adhere to it. Not because Jefferson said so and so, but because so and so is wise and just. If conditions unforeseen by our Washingtons and Jeffersons and Lincolns have arisen, let us not be afraid to deal with them as sensibly as we may. We can be sure that if the fathers were alive they would approve.

And if they wouldn't, so much the worse for them.

The Story of a Wunderkind

As Told by Her Mother, Annie Vivanti

WHEN, some seven years ago, I went to hear young Bronislaw Huberman play the violin, my heart was hot with sorrow and pity for the little pale boy that stood before us: his thin left hand shaking the music out of his violin, his bow darting across the strings, now light as a feather, now crushing and heavy in the full low notes

When I arrived home I went to the cradle where my small baby lay asleep, with her soft fists closed on the blue coverlet, her cap awry over her placid brow, and an India-rubber ring in her mouth. I took the India-rubber away from her (I had told Jane twice that I forbade it!) and gazed at her a long time

"Oh, happy baby!" I said to her sleeping soul, "who will bloom up within the tender inclosure of her mother's arms; who will not know the anguish of premature genius, the torture of precocious toil, nor stern words, nor the lash of the whip! Oh, happy baby, that may grow up a sweet, silly, little child, a round-cheeked, wholesome little English girl!" I bent and kissed her. "No, *you* shall never be a violin virtuoso, my baby," I said.

At this moment—at this precise moment and no other!—that baby turned down the corners of its mouth in the extraordinary way I know so well and set up a wail of grief, a sudden cry of despair. I was thrilled. It seemed a direct answer to what I had said! I kissed her and soothed her in vain.

Jane came bustling in. "And has it lost its rubber-wubber, then?" she cried in that stupid voice which she always uses to the child, and that I know must exasperate it and spoil its temper. "There, there, there! Its rubby-wubby!" And she pushed the ring into the child's mouth so roughly that the poor little thing left off crying out of sheer amazement.

"That's all it wanted, poor lamb!" said Jane.

But I knew better. I felt that the child's soul had answered mine; and I went into my husband's room deeply moved.

"Jack, dear," I said, "something very strange has happened." And I told him the coincidence of the child's sudden cry just as I spoke those words about the violin.

He laughed. He actually laughed quite loud and foolishly. I was not hurt—men are so different: so much less subtle. I merely proposed that we should go and try it again. He acquiesced willingly, and we went into the dimly-lighted nursery together.

We sent Jane out of the room and I tried it again. I murmured just the same things about premature genius and toil, and the lash of the whip. I also said: "You shall never become a violinist"—but the baby kept on chewing at its ring and looked quite comfortable. I said it over and over again, changing the words and saying sometimes "virtuoso" and sometimes "prodigy" and "wunderkind," until I felt very stupid, with Jack looking on. I could have cried with vexation.

Jack laughed and kissed the baby and kissed me. "No vocation whatever! She is a most commonplace infant," he said. "Just a child!" And he took me by the arm and led me away.

I felt, however, that I was right, and that it was his presence that had broken the spell, the wonderful communion of a child's soul with that of its mother.

"Well," I said, "events will show."

Events *have* shown.

. . . .

Nothing happened worthy of note for five years. In fact, I soon forgot all about the strange revelation I had had in regard to the child's future Gift.

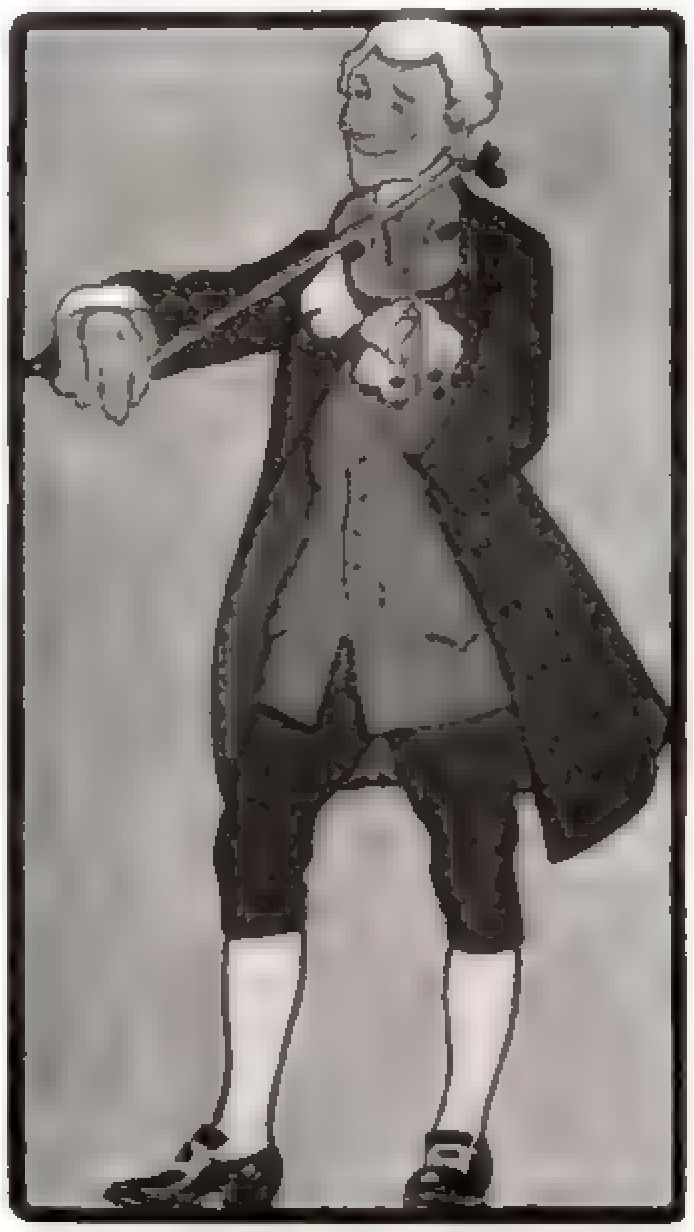
Of course, she was different from other children, but strangers did not seem to notice it; and I have since found that all my friends have children that are different from other children! Vivien was, of course, specially different. She had fits of unexplainable averseness to all kinds of things; sometimes to her food, sometimes to her toys. Occasionally when I took her for a walk without Jane (who was so harsh to her) she would suddenly stop and say: "I want to be at home."

"Well, darling, we will go home," I replied

"No, I don't want to *go* home—I want to *be* at home—now, directly—without going," was her answer. And no amount of coaxing, no promise of sweets or toy, would pacify her or cause her to move a step farther.

I could not help marveling at the deep philosophy in the child's apparent unreasonableness: for do we not all of us, in all things, want to "be" at our wishes' ends without the intermediate "going" there? But at the moment it was embarrassing, for the child would scream and sit down on the pavement, causing a crowd to gather, which would look reproachfully at me and give me heterogeneous advice. It was only by playing "horse" with her as far as the nearest cab-stand that I could get her to move at all; and it was most unpleasant for me to have to pretend to canter and trot, and to say "Giddy-up, gee-gee!" with everybody looking on.

In her conversation with other children she frequently showed great superiority of mind. There was a little French girl, Mélanie de Rochegrosse, whom she used occasionally to meet in the Park, carrying an elaborate Parisian doll. I heard them talking together one morning.



"Ma poupée has eyelashes," said Mélanie. "Has yours?"

"No," said Vivien. "My doll does not like them."

Mélanie reflected a while. "My doll has petticoats with lace," she said. "Has yours?"

"No," said Vivien.

Mélanie added: "And *I* have petticoats with lace. And a blue silk coat. Have you?"

"No," said Vivien, "I have not. But I have an English papa, and you only have a French one! God says: I must let that child have a blue silk coat 'cos I gave her that horrid French father."

I am sorry to say that Vivien then pulled out some of Mélanie's hair, which she should not have done. But I thought her reply to the frivolous child very beautiful.

. . . .

On the morning of her sixth birthday I went to fetch her in the nursery, and I asked her if she were a happy little girl that day. She was putting on her socks with a mournful face.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I am not happy. I am very tired of being alive and always doing the same things. I do not wish I were dead; but I wish I had never begun!"

I was horror-struck. I led her into the breakfast-room with a trembling heart, and showed her her presents arrayed on the table. Fortunately she was pleased with them, and especially delighted with a false beard that her father had put on for the occasion. I had to wear it all through breakfast because it amused her; and she insisted that Mary should wait at table in it that evening when we had guests for the birthday dinner. I was so shaken by what she had said in the morning that I could refuse her nothing. Mary wore the beard; but was very cross about it and gave me notice next day.

It was at that memorable dinner that I was to be reminded of the Vocation in a strange and unexpected way. An unimportant incident first took place.

"Well, darling," said Aunt Margaret, "how do you enjoy your birthday dinner?"

"I think it horrid, thank you," said Vivien. "The chicken is mouldy."

"Fiffien!" exclaimed Fraulein Muller, our excellent German governess; "you must not find fault with your foot!"

"My what?" said Vivien.

"Your eatings," said Fräulein Muller, blushing

"But my food is not nice," retorted Vivien.

Fraulein Muller frowned. "Your food is better than your manners," she said sternly.

There was a brief pause. "Then our cook must be better than our governess," said the birthday-child. And we all laughed except Fraulein Müller, who has not much sense of humor.

Aunt Margaret turned the conversation by inquiring about Vivien's presents.

"I have everything I want," said Vivien, "except a bulldog and a violin."

A violin! How strange that she should ask for a violin, suddenly, of her own accord! Everybody said that it clearly denoted great talent and a gift for music; and I determined to buy her one the very next day. I did so; I bought a charming half-size instrument of a bright brown color—and most excellent in tone, the dealer told me. Of course, we did not get the bulldog.

. . . .

And now the story of the *Wunderkind eigentlich*—as Fräulein Muller says—begins! Not that she did much with that violin. She used it first as a money-box. Then she occasionally put bread and milk into the sound holes; and altogether it became quite unpleasant to handle. One day, assisted by her little cousin Teddy, she broke it open with a hammer; and there was great disappointment as to the result, as nothing much was found inside it. I even began to doubt as to the Gift and the Calling.

But one day an Italian gentleman called on my husband with a letter of introduction. He had come to London to give a series of concerts, and he had his Amati with him. He was a large and bearded man, very black with much hair. Jack asked him if he would play to us, and called me from my letter-writing to come and listen

He stood in the middle of the room and played, without accompaniment, the Zigeunerweisen of Sarasate. His eyes blazed, his black curls shook, his shoulders rocked back and forth; and we listened spellbound to the wonderful music with which our room was filled. The door opened cautiously and Vivien came in, with her two dolls, Punch and the Policeman, under her arm. She stood still and gazed petrified with astonishment at the player. When he struck the last chord she dropped her dolls and suddenly began to cry. She cried loud and long. We all tried to comfort her, the black-bearded violinist most of all.

"What for you cry?" he asked repeatedly.

"For many things," she replied, and would say nothing else.

He seemed astonished and pleased. So I told him briefly why I had reason to think the child superlatively gifted in a musical way. He understood at once. He showed great tact and fineness of perception in understanding me; whereas my own husband, dear and good though he is, was laughing at me, I know, and had even succeeded in making Vivien giggle.

"The child evidently has genius," said Signor Santavicca, looking down wonderingly at the small blond head and smudgy, tear-stained face of my young daughter. Italians have such a fine sense of art, and such deep feeling!

"Do you think so?" I asked with beating heart.

"I know it," said Signor Santavicca. "I will give her lessons: three a week; half an hour each; a hundred and fifty francs a month."

I was moved and delighted. I afterward remonstrated with Jack for not having been more enthusiastic.

The first lesson was to be next day. I felt that the child's Destiny had taken her from my arms and set her little feet on the path of Glory. Her little feet in the white socks and the shoes with the buttoned strap—how high they have climbed since then!

Signor Santavicca appeared with a small-sized fiddle like the departed money-box. He stayed two hours instead of the half-hour arranged for. He came the next day, and the day after, and every day instead of three times a week.

When at the end of the first month I tried to make a complicated calculation as to how much I owed him, he waved his large white hands wildly and said: "Not matter! No care! She play in six month like the God and the Kubelik and the Santavicca!"

We were all moved to tears, and I gave him my husband's handsomest diamond pin. He refused all payment after that, but requested to be allowed to shout at Vivien as much as he felt inclined to. I hesitated, as he seemed very loud in his lessons, and startling and boisterous, and I did not want the child frightened. But Vivien herself said: "Oh, let him do it, mamma! I like it very much." And I often saw her watching him with tranquil interest when he raved and gesticulated in a frenzy of excitement and wrath. So I let him teach her in his own wild Southern way.

Five months after her first lesson she played the Romance of Svendsen with only a few squeaks in the very high notes (and I am told that even the best players frequently squeak). I thought that she ought to play in a concert at once. But Jack said better not; and Santavicca did not seem to encourage the idea.

It was at this time that her great-uncle (the celebrated uncle who is a poet and of whom we are all so proud) sent her two Schwarzwald dolls, a large one and a small one.

Vivien fell rapturously in love with them and slept the first night with one on either side of her. In the middle of the night she called me in an agitated voice. I hurried to her bedside. She had the two dolls huddled in one arm and the other stretched out. "Give me my violin," she said; "give It to me quickly! I dreamt that It was jealous."

"Nonsense, darling," I said, laughing.

But she was much disturbed and insisted upon my bringing it to her.

"If It thought that I liked the dolls best, It might be angry, and make ugly voices at me to-morrow."

So she insisted upon sleeping with the violin on one side of her and the dolls on the other.

Thus it was that I noticed that to her mind the violin was a live thing: a rather evil, impish thing with an uncertain temper; a creature to be appeased and propitiated lest it should make "ugly voices" at her. I thought the idea uncanny. And one day I resolved to tell her a story—a little silly story such as mothers invent under the inspiration of their children's questioning eyes. And here it is, as I told it to her and to the dolls, all sitting in a row:

"Vivien, dear, in the Violin there lives—as you have already guessed—a Being: a tiny, beautiful, invisible Fairy, whose name is the Spirit of Music. The man who long ago made this violin caught her by her wings as she was flying in the air and shut her up in the violin. A spell was cast over her——"

"What is a spell?" said Vivien.

"An enchantment—a—a kind of net," I said vaguely.

"Butterfly-net?" said Vivien.

"Well, yes. Something of the kind," I answered. "Her wings were tied and she could not move, or speak, or see——"

"Or eat?" said Vivien

"And she lies there in the dark waiting for the spell to be broken." Vivien's eyes grew large and resplendent. "Now do you know how the spell can be broken? How the net——"

"Is it green?" asked Vivien; "and is the stick inside, too?"

"What stick?" I said impatiently. "If you keep on interrupting I shall stop telling the story. Now, there is only one way in which the Fairy can be released; and that must be"—I took Vivien's small warm hand in mine—"by the hand of a little girl. One day a little girl will come who will play so beautifully, so perfectly, without one mistake——"

"What shall I have to play?" interrupted Vivien

"The Paganini Concerto," I said on the spur of the moment. "And on that day the Fairy Spirit will wake up and shake out her beautiful wings and come forth from the violin to do the little girl's bidding." I read in Vivien's face that she was going to say: "What is 'bidding'?" so I went on quickly: "She will obey the little girl and fulfill all her wishes. She will turn the violin bow into a magic wand, and the little girl will work charms with it: make bad people good, and sad people happy, and poor people rich——"

"And order pony-carriages at once? And make Fraulein Muller vanish away?" cried Vivien, intensely excited

"Everything!" I replied, in order not to spoil the effect of the story. Vivien had already flown to the case, and now she held the fiddle up and turned it in every sense, peering into the sound holes with anxious eyes. I improved the occasion: "And the more you practice, the sooner will she be visible. Every hour you play loosens a little the bonds that tie her. Scales especially have a very loosening effect," I added.

I confess to feeling some twinges of remorse the next morning when I heard her practicing scales all by herself for a long time. At the end of every scale she looked into the fiddle; and before lunch she came and whispered in my ear: "I think I heard her *move*!"

A few weeks after we were invited by the dear and celebrated Uncle to stay a month with him in Berlin. When he heard the child play he said: "Take her to Prag and let Professor Sevcik hear her."

I telegraphed to the illustrious Professor:

"May my seven-year-old daughter play to you?"

And the answer came:

"*Uebermorgen. 10 Uhr. Conservatorium. Sevcik.*"

So we bundled into the train: dolls, fiddle, a pet rat that Vivien had insisted upon buying, and some evil-smelling cheese for the rat to eat, and some *Automaten-Würste* that Vivien wanted, besides many other irrelevant things that made us so confused that we forgot to pay the cabman. We also lost our hatbox somewhere, and were sneered at and abused when we tried to take away another woman's hatbox which looked very much like ours. In fact, I know it was ours. But the fiddle and the rat and the sausages gave us such an untidy appearance that everybody was rude to us, even the conductor whom I had tipped two marks. It was a most disagreeable journey.

We landed in Prag in a very flustered condition. We went to a pension of which I remembered having heard the name in Dresden. Some charming English people had said: "If you go to Prag, mind you go to the Pension X!" Or perhaps they had said: "Mind you do *not* go to the Pension X!" Anyhow, I recollected the name perfectly; so we drove there at once. (I afterward remembered—at dinner—that what I had been told was *not* to go!) Well, here we were; and the place was shrieking with violins, so I thought it might be a good atmosphere for Vivien to stay in. But she would not practice that evening: she insisted upon writing letters to the Fairy and washing her bow with soap and water. She also washed the violin a great deal, and changed all the strings. Then we went to bed; but I was so nervous I could not sleep; and Vivien had nightmare; and the rat made a horrid noise all night, chewing at the wall. We arose next morning feeling pale and wretched. When Vivien attempted to play her Ferrari (the piece she was going to perform to Professor Sevcik) not a sound came out of the violin! The bow was wet and the rosin made it quite sticky, the four new strings kept running down, and the violin itself was voiceless. Vivien screamed because she said the Fairy was dead. We took a cab and drove to the nearest violin shop, and we told the man there everything. He was much interested and also very kind, because in the excitement I had left my purse in the pension; so that not only did he lend us a small violin and a bow for nothing, but he also gave us money to pay our carriage and sent us off, bowing and smiling, to the Conservatoire. I wanted Vivien (who had not played a note since we left Berlin) to practice in the cab, but she would not, and was very calm.

"*Andrà come andrà*," she said, shrugging her shoulders, à la Santavicca.

I found her tranquillity and her Italian exasperating; she would speak of nothing all the way but the Fairy and the rat. And I wished we had stayed in London.

I shall never forget entering the large room of the Conservatoire and seeing Professor Sevcik move from a group of young men and come to meet us. He smiled at Vivien, who greeted him radiantly, perfectly at her ease as soon as she saw his kindly, beautiful face.

"Will you accompany her?" he asked me.

"No, thank you," I said tremulously, "she will play alone."

The Professor laughed, and Vivien trotted up the stage-steps and stood between two grand pianos.

She played. I do not know how she played. I heard the young men laughing, the laugh of surprise and encouragement, and I saw the Professor go on to the stage and look down at Vivien's fingers while she played. Then he patted her on the head and came down to me.

"It is good," he said in German. "She has no tremolo"

"Oh, no! *She* has not. *I* have!" I replied.

He laughed and said: "I mean she has no vibrato in her fingers, which is a good thing."

I was so mixed up that I could only say "Nein! . . . Ja!" in a foolish manner. The Professor said: "And now what do you want?"

Vivien came from behind the grand piano and said: "I want to learn with you, please."

"Very well," said the Professor. "Come to my house at twelve to-day for your lesson."

And so we stayed in Prag.

I telegraphed to Jack: "Overjoyed! Vivien played Ferrari Conservatorium. Sevcik delighted Staying Prag. Letter follows."

To my astonishment, he replied.

"What are you doing in Prag? Very anxious. Who is Ferrari? Come home at once."

I had to explain lengthily by letter.

. . . . .

All this happened last year. And now I have a Wunderkind in the house.

If the white rat had over night turned into a large white pony which I had to keep in our rooms, I could hardly be more astonished, and, I must add, inconvenienced than by the unexpected transformation of my dear little girl into a personage of note and importance, who is interviewed by the papers, who is asked for autographs (which Fraulein Muller writes), and who seems to belong to everybody more than she does to me. People come into the house and look at her and criticise her; say that she is large, that she is small; that she looks ill, that she looks well; that she is overworked, that she does not work enough; that I ought to dress her in white; that I ought to dress her in black velvet; that she ought not to play Bach; that she ought to play only Bach, that she ought not to wear socks; that she ought to do gymnastics, that she ought to cut her hair; that she ought to play for charity; that she ought never to play for charity; that she ought to take iron pills; that she ought to go and study in Berlin; in Leipzig; in London; in Paris; in Brussels, that she ought to give up the violin at once; that she ought to practice fourteen hours a day; that she ought to have begun when she was five years old; that Wunderkinder never turn out anything but disappointments; that I am much to be pitied; that the child is much to be pitied; and that the father must be a brute

Nobody would believe how difficult it is to be the mother of a Wunderkind. Everything I do is wrong, everything the child does is "for effect"; everything we say is utterly untrue. If Vivien runs up to me and kisses me, I hear it murmured that she is trained to do so. ("Whipped to be affectionate in public!") So I tell her never to do it again Immediately people remark how cold I am to the child, how the poor little creature evidently fears me and prefers Fraulein Muller

We take her with her hoop and skipping-rope to play in the Park. It is said we make her pretend to be infantine, force her to act the "happy child" when people are looking on So we take her toys from her and conduct her for prim walks between us. "Poor little unnatural creature!" say our friends. "She has no child life at all"

People come and ask us how old she is.

"Eight," I reply. (The answer is greeted with smiles of polite disbelief.)

How long has she studied? "Two years and three months." (Incredulous sneers.)

How long does she practice every day? "As long as she likes. Usually about three hours." (Silence and exchange of eloquent glances.) Then they embrace the child and say: "Poor darling!" Whereupon they go away, leaving us sore and snappish. My servants are cross-questioned when I am out, and I receive anonymous letters finding fault with me.

No; I am not at all happy. No more is Fraulein Muller She has become quite sour in her way of speaking to poor little Vivien. The dear child herself is rather spoilt by the compassion that visitors lavish upon her and vaguely feels that it is hard lines that she should be a Wunderkind. On the other hand, if I suggest taking her violin away, she screams and shrieks and is very naughty. I dare not punish her lest the neighbors should think we are beating her to make her practice. She knows this and screams whenever she wants anything that she ought not to have: her digestion is utterly ruined by the amount of horrid things we allow her to eat rather than that she should scream for them. Fraulein Muller suggests taking her to Pilsen or Vienna for a day, where she is not known, just in order to give her a sound slapping. I find Fraulein Muller's temper is not so good as it used to be

Of course, there are moments of thrilling happiness that compensate for much anxiety and worry. It is a great joy to see Vivien step out on the platform where a thousand people look at her and love her for the music that she makes I like to think that on those dear small fingers flying across the quivering strings I have said "This little pig went to market" only a short while ago; that those blue eyes (that grow so deep and solemn while she plays) laugh up at me every morning limpid and light with all the babyish thoughts I love. When the applause rises around her like a storm, her smile meets mine and my heart beats loud with happiness at the thought that that wonderful little girl belongs to me!

But does she really belong to me? . . . Does not her soul fly out of my keeping at the sound of her own music, when her eyes grow deep and solemn, gazing at things I do not see?

. . .

It is late; near midnight. Fraulein Muller is in the dining-room writing to the Times. (She always writes diffuse and indignant replies to things that she reads in the newspapers, but I do not think the Times prints them.)

I go on tiptoe to the nursery, where Vivien lies in the deep, mysterious sleep of childhood. The Schwarzwald dolls, armless and battered, are tossed at the foot of her bed. The violin lies in its open case on the table: in one of the sound holes Vivien has posted a letter to the Fairy

I will not read it. A sudden feeling of shyness before my little girl's communion with the Spirit of Music overcomes my soul. I feel as if I stood apart and alone, as if the Fairy that I have invented had really come to life and had taken my little child by the hand and led her away from me—further than I can follow

And a great sadness comes over my heart. I wish that my only child were not a Wunderkind

I dream that these seven years are a dream; and that my baby still lies in its cradle as on the night when I went to hear young Bronislaw Huberman play I dream that I still hold her future closed and folded, like a rosebud shut in my hand. . . . Would I again let its tender leaves open to the light and anguish of fame—to the blaze and fever of glory?

Who knows?

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The Punsters' Victims

ONE of the most interesting studies to which a man can devote himself is that of words, especially proper names. It was the belief of the ancient Orientalists that language was divinely inspired, and that hence words have an absolute, intrinsic significance. The Jews held that the name was an integral part of the object itself. It was no conventional sign, but an essential attribute. "Our own name," says a French writer, "is ourself." A man's name instantly recalls him to recollection, with his physical and moral qualities, and the remarkable events, if any, of his career. What would history or biography be without names? Or what stimulus would men have, rousing them to the performance of great or heroic deeds, if they could not live a second life in their names?

The name of a man is not a mere label, which may be detached, as one detaches a label from a piece of lifeless furniture. As Goethe once feelingly said, it is not like a cloak, which only hangs about a man, and at which one may at any rate be allowed to pull and twitch; but it is a close-fitting garment, which has grown over and over him, like his skin, and which one cannot scrape and flay without injuring himself. Names not only represent certain facts or thoughts, but they powerfully mold the facts and thoughts which they represent. Men have borne names which they have felt to be stigmas, an active cause of discouragement and failure to their dying day; and other men have borne names, inherited from their ancestors, which have lifted them above themselves, by bringing them into fellowship with a past of high effort or generous sacrifice.

One of the direst misfortunes that can befall a man is to have a name that tempts every witling to pun upon it. Shenstone, the quaintly playful author of The Schoolmistress, thanked God that his name was not one of that sort. When, many years ago, the Unitarian minister in Burlington, Vermont, said to Mr. Haswell, one of his parishioners, that his name would be *as well* without the H the latter was amused; but judge of his weariness and disgust when, the joke having got abroad, everybody in the town, and many, doubtless, from out of town, repeated the pun in his ear with monotonous iteration, until the unlucky Mr. Haswell wished the whole tribe of punsters "in the deep sea sunk."

A similar persecution was that, centuries earlier, of Alexander Nequam, Bishop of Gloucester, in England, "the learnedest man of his age," whose surname was a perpetual hone for the jesters of his time to sharpen their wits upon. Weary of the endless puns upon his name, he changed it to Neckam. Wishing at one time to become a monk in the Abbey of St. Albans, he applied for admission, to which the abbot pithily replied: "Si bonus sis, venias; si Nequam, nequaquam" ("If good, you may come; if bad, by no means"). Jeremiah Jones Colbaith, of Natick, Massachusetts, who was the vice-president of the United States during the years 1873-5, had his name changed when young to Henry Wilson, because his neighbors tormented him with puns upon his *cold bath*. It is remarkable that the nickname, Cæsar, has given the title to the heads of two great nations, Germany and Russia—Kaiser and Czar.

A Roman Pun

Punning upon names has always been a favorite amusement with those

Who think it legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular double-loaded gun

When the defender of a certain extortioner in Rome, whom Lutatius Catulus accused, attempted by a sarcasm to disconcert his vehement adversary, saying: "Why do you bark, little dog?" ("Quid latras, Catule?") "Because I saw a thief," retorted Catulus. Shakespeare makes Falstaff play upon his swaggering ancient's name, telling Pistol he will double charge him with sack, or dismissing him with: "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol." There was a time when Marshal Ney was unpopular with all parties in Paris. After Napoleon's return from Elba a pun on the marshal's name was in every mouth: "Il fallait être *né* (Ney) pour cela" ("One must be born for that"). A gentleman by the name of Gould, having married a very young woman, wrote to a friend concerning his good fortune, concluding with "So you see, my good sir, though I'm eighty years old, a girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould." This elicited the reply:

A girl of eighteen may love, it is true,
But, believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U.

When one Bishop Goodenough was appointed to his office, a rival candidate, who was asked the secret of his failure, replied: "Because I was not Goodenough."

Oddities, eccentricities and happy accidents of names are common to all languages, and open a wide field of playful speculation and research. What queer yet felicitous conjunctions are Preserved Fish, Virginia Weed, Dunn Browne, Mahogany Coffin and Return Swift! Especially remarkable is the extent to which the occupations of men harmonize with their surnames. In London, Gin & Ginman, and Alehouse, are publicans. Portwine and Negus are licensed victuallers, one in Westminster, the other in Bishopsgate Street. Seaman is the host of the Ship Hotel, and A. King keeps the Crown and Sceptre. Pye is a pastry cook, and Fitall and Treadaway are shoemakers. Mr. Weinmann sells sherries and madeiras in Chicago, and Mr. Silverman is a noted banker. It is a striking fact that Mr. Loud and Mr. Thunder were, some years ago, both organists in the same American town; and we must acknowledge that few names could harmonize better, or accord more happily with the double diapason and the swell to which their professional duties accustomed them. What name could be more picturesque for a pot-boy than Corker, for a dentist than Tugwell, or for an editor of "Punch" than Mark Lemon? What happier appellation for the owner of a line of stagecoaches than Jehu Golightly, the name of a Southern proprietor, which the incredulous passenger refused to believe accidental?

Why Balzac Changed His Name

Sometimes the name harmonizes ill with, or is positively antagonistic to, the occupation or character. The amiable and witty banker-poet, Horace Smith, even declares that "surnames ever go by contraries," and as proof, says:

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey;
Mr. Go-to-bed sits up till half past three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.

Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a root,
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,
Mr. Rider performs all his travels on foot,
Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback.

Guez, "a beggar," was the name of a French writer distinguished for the pomp of his style. The contrast between the swelling diction and the low name was so great that he dropped the latter and assumed the name of his estate—Balzac. Ward and Lock, who should sell bank-safes, are book publishers. Neal and Pray was the title of a house in New England that was by no means given to devotion. Butcher, Death, Slaughter, Churchyard and Coffin were the names of so many London surgeons and apothecaries. Partnerships often show a curious conjunction of names; as Lamb & Hare; Holland & Sherry; Carpenter & Wood; Spinage & Lamb; Flint & Steel; Foote & Stocking, hosiers; Rumfit & Cutwell, tailors; Robb & Steel, and, above all, I. Ketchum & U. Cheatham, the immortal names of two New York brokers. Not only business but hymeneal partnerships reveal some singular combinations; as when George Virtue is united to Susan Vice, and when Benjamin Bird, aged sixty, is wedded to Julia Chaff, aged twenty, showing that, in spite of the old saw, "an old bird" may be "caught by chaff."

It is a singular fact that, where the punning propensity exists, no occasion however solemn, or name however great or illustrious, will prevent its finding expression. Thus John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, burning at the stake, fixed his eyes steadily upon the spectators, and said with great solemnity: "They burn a *goose*, but in a hundred years a *swan* will arise out of the ashes"—words which long afterward were regarded as a prophecy—Huss signifying "a goose," and Luther "a swan." Even Dr. Samuel Johnson, a professed hater of puns, could not resist the temptation, when introduced to the admirable authoress, Mrs. Barbauld, of growling out: "*Bare-bald!* Why, that's the very *pleonasm* of baldness!"

—*William Mathews.*

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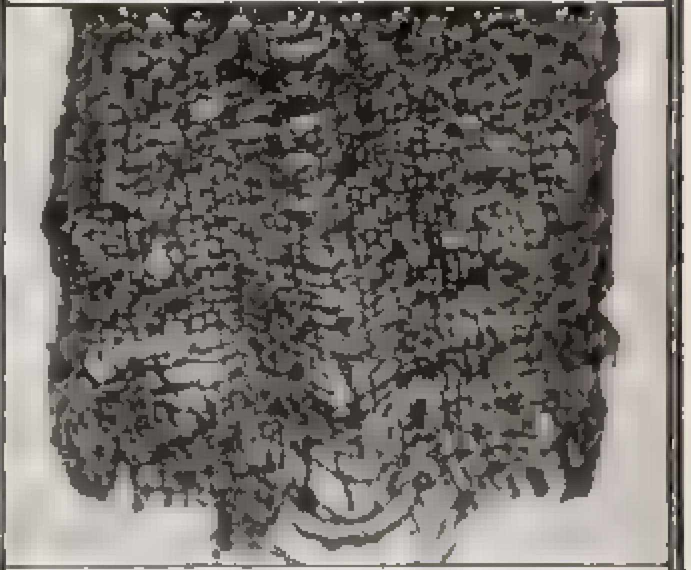

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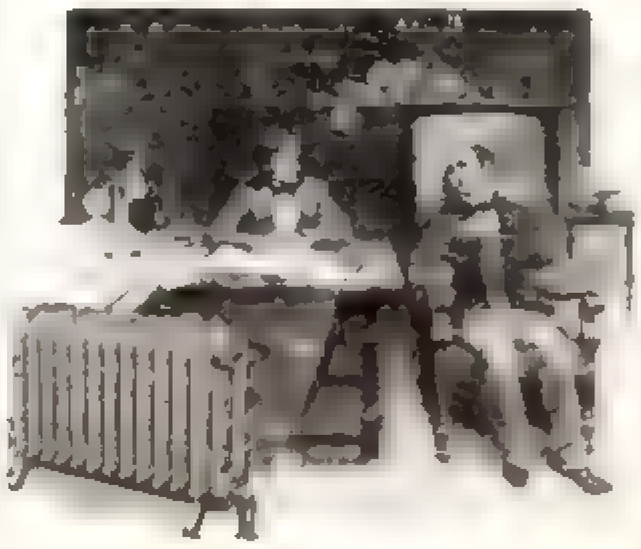

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In the Days of Old King Croker—By Robert Adamson

Some New Stories About an Old Boss

FIVE minutes' talk with a Tammany man would be an eighth wonder without a story about Croker. No matter that the old Boss has been three years abroad — is he not living on "th' ould sod"? Just the bare memory of Croker, with his simple primal loves and hatreds, is more to the old line braves than the actual daily presence of any new leader.

One would certainly think that, after all the Crokeriana we have had, even Croker's dearest bosom friend could tell nothing new. Yet, in a long contact with Tammany men in the course of newspaper work, I do not recall ever having heard them repeat any of the old Croker stories. What they do tell is interesting for the light it throws upon a unique political society, as well as on the most picturesque leader that society ever had.

It is well known that Mr. Croker is a very religious man. It is not so well known that he is a convert to the Roman Church, his family in England and Ireland all being Episcopalians. On this side of him nothing could be more simple or childlike. He had a peculiar dread of neglecting any of the outward duties of the church. He would walk five miles through the rain in order not to miss early Sunday mass.

He knew Robert G. Ingersoll, and more than once the famous agnostic expounded his views before the Boss, while Croker sat with almost a child's awe of blasphemy, never once opening his mouth. This was at a period of the Boss' development when his position as leader of Tammany Hall had brought him into contact with minds which had opened up an entirely new world to him. Ingersoll's doubts troubled him. He brooded over them, talking anxiously with pious friends in the furtive hope of having Ingersoll's doctrines shattered.

At last he went to Bourke Cockran, who he firmly believed could work any miracle in the empire of intellect.

"Bourke," said he gravely, "if you'll challenge this Ingersoll to a joint debate and beat him, I'll make you United States Senator."

"Why, Mr. Croker, he'd clean up the floor with me," Cockran replied. "The first thing he'd ask me would be to prove the existence of God, and how could I ever do it the way he would demand?"

Croker was terribly disappointed. Afterward he would repeat this conversation to friends, and add musingly:

"And that's right, too, I guess. Maybe Bourke couldn't prove it."

This story illustrates the religious sensitiveness of this strange man. The following shows what has been called his "moral bluntness":

The day of his racking examination before the Mazet Committee, after he had been on the stand for hours, Croker rode up town to the Democratic Club with Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan, his lawyer, and sat in the parlor while O'Sullivan silently scanned the page-and-a-half account of the day's proceedings in the afternoon papers. It was the day that Croker had blurted out, like a tortured animal at bay, that fatal admission which has been made so much of ever since: "Yes, I work for my own pocket all the time."

After O'Sullivan had read in silence for some time, Mr. Croker languidly inquired:

"What do the papers say about me, Doc?"

"Well, they have lots of big headlines about your working for your pocket all the time; and they practically accuse you of every other crime in the calendar."

Croker yawned, and turned a bored glance toward the moving panorama in Fifth Avenue:

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Well, they make you use a lot of bad grammar," O'Sullivan added.

A shadow passed over Croker's face and his gray eyes were like those of a child that had been wounded. He arose and walked over toward the window dejectedly, his hands sunk deep in his trousers' pockets.

"Well, Doc," he sighed, "you know I never had the advantages my boys have had."

Croker was never much of a reader. He read a few biographies of famous fighters, but novels he never looked at. Harry W. Walker often urged him to read novels as offering a new view of life to him and relieving his mind of worries. His retort always was: "What's the use of reading lies?"

Walker got his chance to introduce Croker to the charms of fiction on a steamer crossing the Atlantic. He had with him a copy of the Adventures of Sherlock Holmes and asked Croker to let him read some of it aloud. Croker rather dubiously consented, and listened patiently for an hour or so with a somewhat non-committal expression.

When Walker joined him the next morning on deck, Croker hastened to say, as if to forestall another literary treat:

"Harry, don't read any more of that stuff to me. I dreamed about it all night."

The first time I ever saw Croker is sharply impressed upon my mind by an incident characteristic of him and of his organization.

I received a telegram at Atlanta, from United States Senator Patrick Walsh, saying that Croker would be in town that evening at six o'clock on his way to Belle Meade Farm, and suggesting that I meet him and take him to dinner at the club. Instead, I took him to a hotel near the depot, as he had only a short time between trains.

To keep company, as I thought, with the head of such a liberal-minded organization as Tammany Hall, I was about to order drinks when Croker stopped me, saying:

"Plain water for me. I never drink anything else."

"Can't git nuthin' else anyway, 'cos it's 'lection day," said our waiter. This was very true, but for the moment I had forgotten the local regulations. The astonishment of Croker I have never seen equaled. He did not recover from it during the entire meal.

"What," he cried, "do you mean to tell me they try to prescribe what a man shall have for dinner in his own house? I never heard of such a thing! It's an outrage! They might as well try to tell you what you shall eat. I wouldn't live in such a town."

And yet this man never drank liquor in his life.

The next time I saw Croker was several years later when I went to interview him in New York. He remembered me instantly, and his laughing greeting was: "You can get a drink up here, all right. I don't blame you for leaving. Have they still got that law down there?"

When Lincoln Steffens, the writer on graft, was city editor of a New York afternoon newspaper, his favorite pastime was Tammany baiting. One morning, after reading the latest outrages by Tammany Hall, he called a fresh young cub reporter to him and said:

"Go up to the Democratic Club; see Croker and ask him if he doesn't know that Tammany Hall is the most corrupt political organization on earth, and that the New York police department is the most corrupt police department in the world."

The reporter caught Croker as he was coming down the steps of the club on his way downtown.

"Mr. Croker," said he, "don't you know that Tammany Hall is the most corrupt political organization on earth?"

Croker gave a sidelong glance out of the corners of his eyes at the proponent of this astonishing question. He saw a youth terribly in earnest. With a twinkle in his eye, the Boss replied:

"Yes, I am told that it is. In fact, what you say is not news to me, and I have given a great deal of thought to it. If reports are true, it is an awfully wicked organization."

"Then you admit it!" said the reporter. "And don't you know that the New York police department is the most corrupt on earth?"

"Yes, I am familiar with that, too," went on Mr. Croker gravely. "It is a very serious matter — a very serious matter indeed."

"Then you know all about the corruption in the police department and admit it?" cried the reporter with great elation.

"Indeed I do," said Mr. Croker more impressively still. "I've seen it in the newspapers."

In the last half-dozen years of his leadership Croker changed greatly in matters of dress and formality. In his earlier years he had a rough contempt for such things. There is a portrait of him hanging in

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Tammany Hall which shows him in an ill fitting hand-me-down sack suit, and this is the Croker that is remembered as the idol of Tammany.

Latterly he paid the most scrupulous attention to his clothes, and there was no better tailored, better barbered or more carefully groomed man in the city. He began to appear every evening at the Democratic Club in faultless evening attire, and he let it be known that he desired the other members to do the same. This was equivalent to a court order, and court clerks and deputy sheriffs and the like who had never owned dress suits outright invested at once.

It is still told in Tammany Hall—and believed by many—that John W. Keller got his appointment as Charities Commissioner because of his fine appearance and his habit of wearing a dress suit every night. This is no disparagement of Mr. Keller, for it is generally admitted that he was one of the very finest of the Van Wyck officials, and one against whom no charge whatever was ever made.

Mr. Keller was one of the many Tammany pilgrims who went to Lakewood after Van Wyck's election for the slatemaking. This was before the evening dress edict had gone out, and many of the braves appeared at dinner in a mixture of garments that greatly distressed Croker. Not so Keller, the tall, powerfully built, broad-shouldered man with brown whiskers. He was the pink of sartorial perfection.

"John, who is that fine-looking fellow there in a dress suit?" the Tammany men say Croker asked of John F. Carroll about the third evening. "We must give him a job." The next day Keller's name appeared on the slate for Charities Commissioner.

For years one of Croker's closest friends and advisers was a fellow-countryman and one of the most remarkable men in Tammany Hall, lawyer, physician, litterateur, chemist, politician, holder of degrees from half a dozen universities and friend of some of the most scholarly men in the United States.

This friend Croker invited to visit him at Wantage a year ago, and there, in that solitary little English village, the two came to know each other as they had never known each other before. The result was that the visitor shortened his visit because of what seemed to be Croker's growing reticence.

The first inkling of this feeling on the part of Croker came one day when Croker brought down a dentist from London to do some work. The visitor and the dentist became incidentally engaged in a chat, and casual references to canines and bicuspids plainly surprised Croker.

"Why didn't you tell me you were a dentist?" he said, turning to his visitor.

"Why, I am not," was the reply.

"Then, how do you know all that about teeth?" asked Croker skeptically.

"I picked it up."

He astonished Croker still further the next day by going out and giving expert help to some engineers who were laying out some improvements on the grounds. He made some suggestions which Croker was surprised to see the engineers adopt.

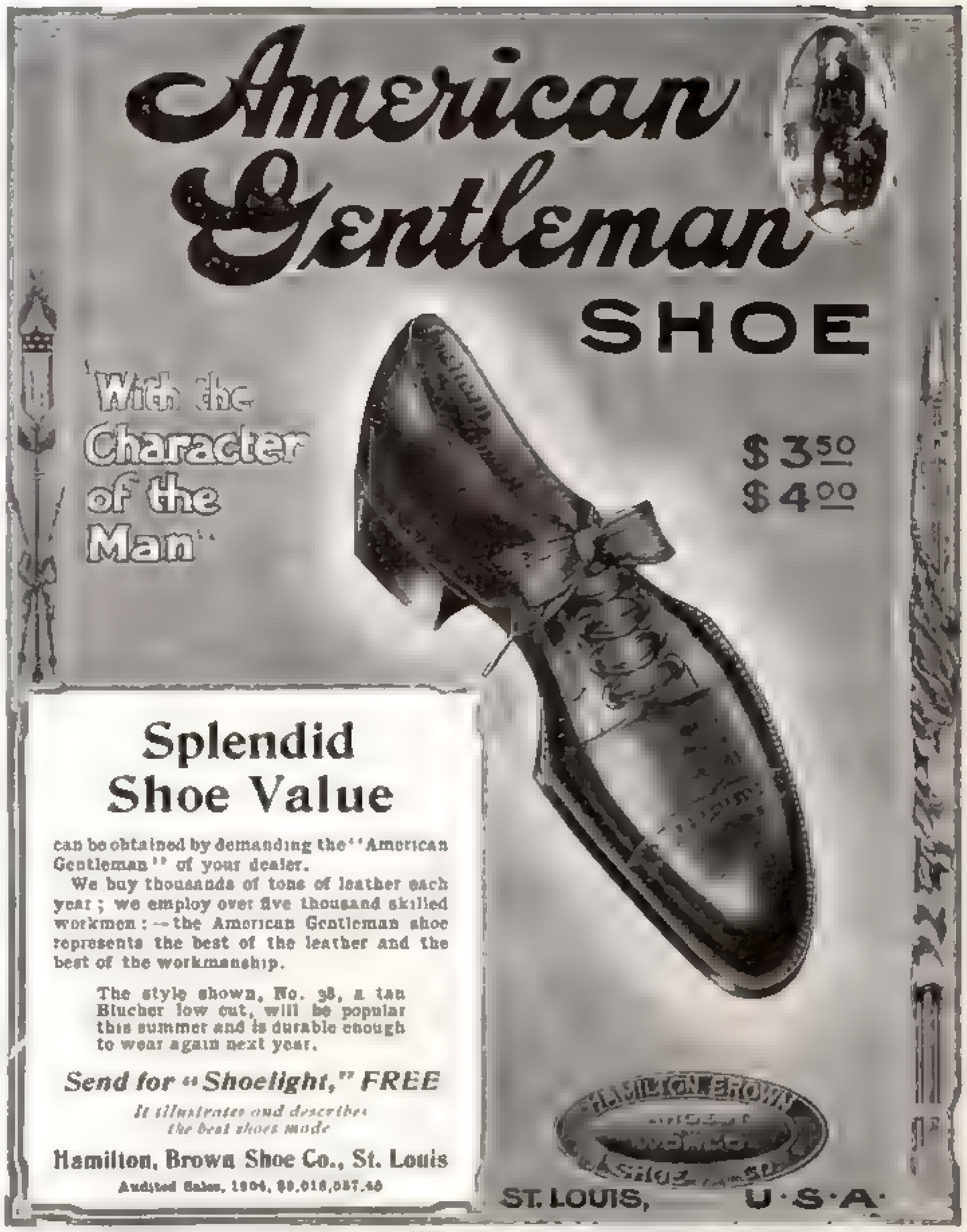
Croker, who prided himself on his horse knowledge, took the visitor to see his stable of colts. It happened that there was in progress at that very moment a lively controversy between Croker and his trainer as to the merits of certain colts, and as to whether they should be sold or kept for racing. They differed diametrically on every point. The very colts which Croker said were the best, the trainer said should be sold as cart-horses. With the trainer looking on, Croker said:

"Now, you pick out the best. I won't tell you what I think, or what my trainer thinks; so you can use your own judgment."

In every instance, the visitor picked out precisely the same colts that the trainer had picked out, and gave expert reasons for his choice—precisely the same reasons, by the way, as those which the trainer had given.

Croker's disappointment and chagrin were too deep to be concealed. He walked back to the house without saying a word.

A few more instances of this sort served to emphasize the knowledge of the visitor in matters on which Croker's simplicity was only too apparent. This had an effect upon Croker which made it rather unpleasant for the visitor. The former Boss grew taciturn and would not trust himself to speak so freely as formerly. At times the visitor would discover Croker quietly regarding him with a sort of childlike wonder. The result of all this was that the visitor cut short his stay by several days. He has not been invited to Wantage since.



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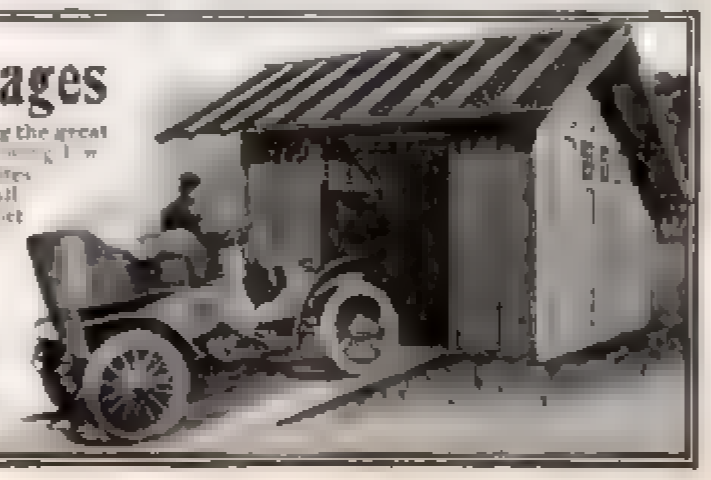

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A STATE OF MIND

(Continued from Page 4)

"If you think you're an expert ——" began Ellis, irritated, then stopped short. Jones followed his eyes.

"Look at that stream," said Ellis, dropping his rod against the lean-to. "There's been a cloudburst in the mountains. There's no rain here, but *look* at that stream! Yellow and bank-full! Hark! Hear the falls. I have an idea the woods will be awash below us in an hour."

They descended to the ledge which an hour ago had overhung the stream. Now the water was level with it, lapping over it, rising perceptibly in the few seconds they stood there. Alders and willows along the banks, almost covered, staggered in the discolored water; drift of all sorts came tumbling past, rotten branches, piles of brush afloat, ferns and shrubs uprooted; the torrent was thick with flakes of bark and forest mould and green-leaved twigs torn from the stream-side.

From the lower reaches a deer came galloping toward the ridges; a fox stole furtively into the open, hesitated, and slunk off up the valley.

And now the shallow gorge began to roar under the rising flood; tumbling castles of piled-up foam whirled into view; the amber waves washed through the fringing beech growth, slopping into hollows, setting the dead leaves afloat. A sucking sound filled the woods; millions of tiny bubbles purred in the shallow overflow; here and there dead branches stirred, swung and floated.

"Our camp is going to be an island pretty soon," observed Ellis; "just look at ——"

But Jones caught him by the arm. "*What* is that?" he demanded shakily. "Are there things like that in these woods?"

At the same instant Ellis caught sight of something in midstream bearing down on them in a smother of foam — an enormous lizardlike creature floundering throat-deep in the flood.

"What is it, Ellis? Look! It's got a tail ten feet long! Great Heaven, look at it!"

"I see it," said Ellis hoarsely. "I never saw such a thing ——"

"It's opening its jaws!" gasped Jones. "Great Heaven! Ellis, don't stay here ——"

But Ellis, a trifle white around the cheekbones, stared in frozen silence at the fearsome creature as it swept down on them. A crested wave rolled it over; four papier-mâché claws waved in the air; then the creature righted itself and swung in toward the bank.

"Upon my word!" stammered Ellis; "it's part of their theatrical property. Lord! how real it looked out yonder. I knew it couldn't be alive, but — Jones, see how my hands are shaking. Would you believe a man could be rattled like that?"

"Believe it? I should say I could! Look at the thing wabbling there in the shallows as though it were trying to move its flippers! *Look* at it, Ellis; see how it seems to wriggle and paddle ——"

The words froze on his lips; the immense creature *was* moving; the scaled claws churned the shallows; a spasm shook the head; the jaws gaped.

"Help!" said a very sweet and frightened voice.

Ellis got hold of one claw, Jones the other, almost before they comprehended — certainly before, deep in the scaly creature's maw, they discovered the frightened but lovely features of the gray-eyed girl who had snapshot them.

"Please pull," she said; "I can't swim in *this*!"

Almost hysterically they soothed her as they tugged and steered the thing into the flooded forest.

"Mr. Ellis — please — *please* don't pull quite so hard," she called out.

"Oh, did I hurt you?" he cried so tenderly that, even in the shock of emotions, Jones was ashamed of him.

"No, you don't hurt me, Mr. Ellis; I'm all right inside here, but I — I — you must not pull this dragon to pieces ——"

"What do I care for the dragon if you are in danger!" cried Ellis excitedly.

But it was a frightened and vexed voice that answered almost tearfully: "If you pull too hard on the papier-mâché legs something dreadful may happen. I — this dragon is — is about the only clothing I have on!"

Ellis dropped the flipper, seized it again, and gazed into the scared eyes of Jones.

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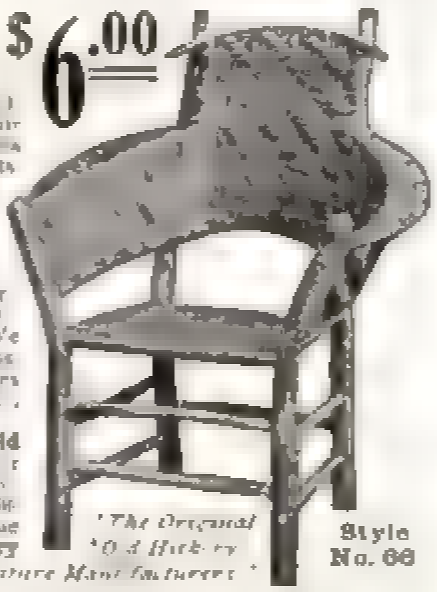
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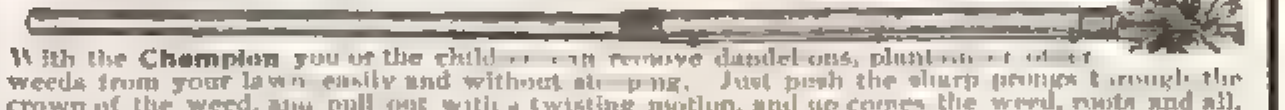

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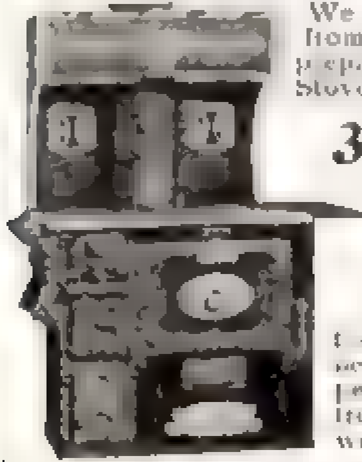

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"For Heaven's sake, go easy," he hissed "or the thing will come apart!"

Jones, in a cold perspiration, stood knee deep in the flood, not daring to touch the flipper again

"You help here," he whispered hoarsely. "If she stands up, now, you can support her to camp, can't you?"

Ellis bent over and looked into the gaping jaws of Fafnir the Dragon

"Miss Sandys," he said seriously, "do you think you could get on your hind—on your feet?"

The hindlegs of the monster splashed, groping for the bottom; Ellis passed his arm around the scaly body; Fafnir arose, rather wabbly, and took one dripping step forward

"I fancy we can manage it now, Jones," said Ellis cheerfully, turning around; but Jones did not answer; he was running away, dashing and splashing down the flooded forest. Beyond, rocking wildly in a gilded boat, sat two people and a placid swan

"Good Lord!" faltered Ellis, as the dragon turned with a little shriek. "Is the whole Summer School being washed away!"

"No," she said excitedly, "but the dam broke. Helen and Professor Rawson tried to save the swan boat—we were giving tableaus from Lohengrin and Das Rheingold—and—oh! oh! oh! such a torrent came! Helen—there she is in armor—Helen tried to paddle the boat, but the swans pulled the other way and they flapped so wildly that Helen called for help. Then one of the Rhine-maidens—Professor Rawson—waded in and got aboard, but the paddle broke and they were adrift. Then one of those horrid swans got loose, and everybody screamed, and the water rose higher and higher, and nobody helped anybody, so, so—as I swim well, I jumped in without waiting to undress—you see I had been acting the dragon, Fafnir, and I went in just as I was; but the papier-mâché dragon kept turning turtle with me, and first I knew I was being spun around like a top."

There was a silence; they stood watching Jones scrambling after the swan-boat, which had come to grief in shallow water. Professor Rawson, the Rhine-maiden, gave one raucous and perfunctory shriek—*proh pudor!*—as Jones floundered alongside, for the garb of the normal Rhine-daughter is scanty, and Professor Rawson's costume, as well as her maidenly physique, was almost anything except redundant

As for Helen, sometimes known as brown-eyes, she rose to her slim height, all glittering in tin armor, and gave Jones a look of heavenly gratitude that shot him through and through his Norfolk jacket

"Don't look!" said Professor Rawson, in a voice which, between the emotions of recent terror and present bashfulness, had dwindled to a squeak. "Don't look; I'm going to jump." And jump she did, taking to the water with a trifle less grace than the ordinary Rhine-maiden

There was a spattering splash, a smothered squawk which may have been emitted by the swan, and the next moment Professor Rawson was churning toward dry land, her wreath of artificial seaweed over one eye, her spectacles glittering amid her dank tresses.

Jones looked up at brown-eyes balancing in the bow of the painted boat.

"I can get you ashore quite dry—if you don't mind," he said.

She considered the water; she considered Jones; she looked carefully at the wallowing Rhine-daughter.

"Are you sure you can?" she asked

"Perfectly certain," breathed Jones

"I am rather heavy——"

The infatuated man laughed

"Well, then, I'll carry the swan," she said calmly; and, seizing that dignified and astonished bird, she walked demurely off the prow of the gaudy boat into the arms of Jones.

To Ellis and the gray-eyed dragon, and to Professor Rawson, who had crawled to a dry spot on the ridge, there was a dreadful fascination in watching that swaying pyramid of Jones, Lohengrin and swan tottering landward, knee-deep through the flood. The pyramid swayed dangerously at times; but the girl in the tin armor clasped Jones around the neck and clung to the off leg of the swan, and Jones staggered on, half-strangled by the arm and buffeted by the flapping bird, until his oozing shoes struck dry land.

"Hurrah!" cried Ellis, his enthusiasm breaking out after an agonizing moment of suspense; and Miss Sandys, forgetting her plight, waved her lizard claws and hailed rescuer and rescued with a clear-voiced cheer as they came up excited and breathless, hustling before them the outraged swan,

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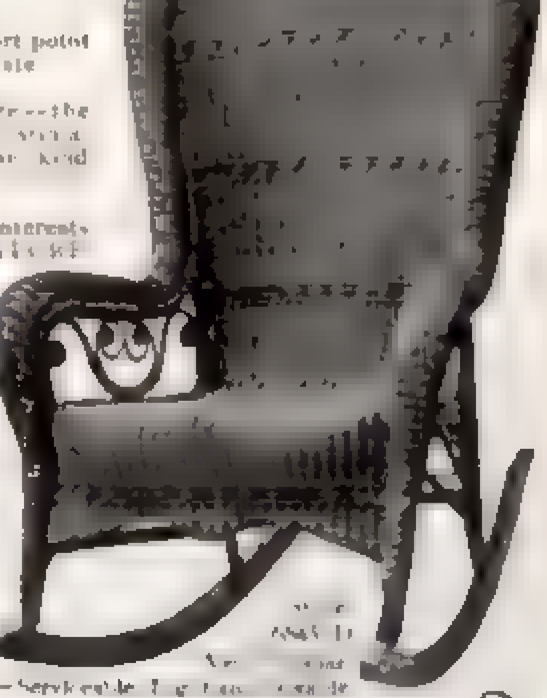

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who waddled furiously forward, craning its neck and snapping.

"*What is that?*" muttered Jones aside to Ellis as the dragon and Lohengrin embraced hysterically. He glanced toward the Rhine maiden, who was hiding behind a tree.

"Rhine wine with the cork pulled," replied Ellis gravely. "Go up to camp and get her your poncho. I'll do what I can to make things comfortable in camp."

The girl in armor was saying, "You poor, brave dear! How perfectly splendid it was of you to plunge into the flood with all that pasteboard dragon-skin tied to you—like Horatius at the bridge. Molly, I'm simply overcome at your bravery!"

And all the while she was saying this, Molly Sandys was saying: "Helen, how did you ever dare to try to save the boat, with those horrid swans flapping and nipping at you every second! It was the most courageous thing I ever heard of, and I simply revere you, Helen Gay!"

Together they continued: "Isn't it dreadful? What on earth are we to do?"

Jones, returning from camp with his poncho, said: "Oh, there's a jolly fire in camp and plenty of provisions"; and sidled toward the tree behind which Professor Rawson was attempting to prevent several yards of cheesecloth from adhering too closely to her outline.

"Go away," said that spinster severely, peering out at him with a visage terminating in a length of swanlike neck which might have been attractive if feathered.

"I'm only bringing you a poncho," said Jones, blushing.

Ellis heard a smothered giggle behind him, but when he turned Molly Sandys had shrunk into her dragon-skin, and Helen Gay had lowered the vizor of her helmet.

"I think we had better go to the campfire," he said gravely. "It's only a step."

"We think so, too," they said. "Thank you for asking us, Mr. Ellis."

So Ellis led the way; after him slopped the dragon, its scaled tail dragging sticks and dead leaves in its wake; next waddled the indignant swan, perforce, prodded forward by the brown-eyed, slender maid in her tin armor. Professor Rawson, mercifully disguised in a rubber poncho, under which her thin shins twinkled, came in the rear, gallantly conducted by Jones in oozing shoes.

In the silence befitting such an extraordinary occasion the company formed a circle about the campfire.

Presently Professor Rawson looked sharply at the damp dragon. "Child!" she exclaimed, "you ought to take that off this instant!"

"But—but I haven't very much on," protested Molly Sandys with a shiver. "I'm only dressed as a—a page."

"It can't be helped," retorted the professor with decision; "that dragon is nothing but soaking pulp except where the tail is on fire!"

Ellis hastily set his foot on the sparks, just as Molly Sandys jumped. There was a tearing, ripping sound, a stifled scream, and three-quarters of a page in blue satin and lisle thread, wearing the head and shoulders of a dragon, shrank down behind Professor Rawson's poncho-draped figure.

"Here's my poncho," cried Ellis hastily. "I am awfully sorry I ripped your gown—I mean your pasteboard tail—but you switched it into the fire and it was burning."

"Have you something for me?" inquired Miss Gay, coloring but calm; "I'm not very comfortable, either."

Jones' enraptured eyes lingered on the slim shape in mail; he hated to do it, but he brought a Navajo blanket and draped in it the most distractingly pretty figure his rather nearsighted eyes had ever encountered.

"There," explained Ellis courteously, "is the shanty. I've hung a blanket over it. Jones and I will sleep here by the fire."

"Sleep!" faltered Molly Sandys. "I think we ought to be starting——"

"The forests are flooded; we can't get you back to the Summer School to-night," said Ellis.

Professor Rawson shuddered. "Do you mean that we are cut off from civilization entirely?" she asked.

"Look!" replied Ellis.

The ridge on which the camp lay had become an island; below it roared a spreading flood under a column of mist and spray; all about them the water soused and washed through the forest; below them from the forks came the pounding thunder of the falls.

"There's nothing to be alarmed at, of course," he said, looking at Molly Sandys.

The gray eyes looked back into his. "Isn't there, really?" she asked.

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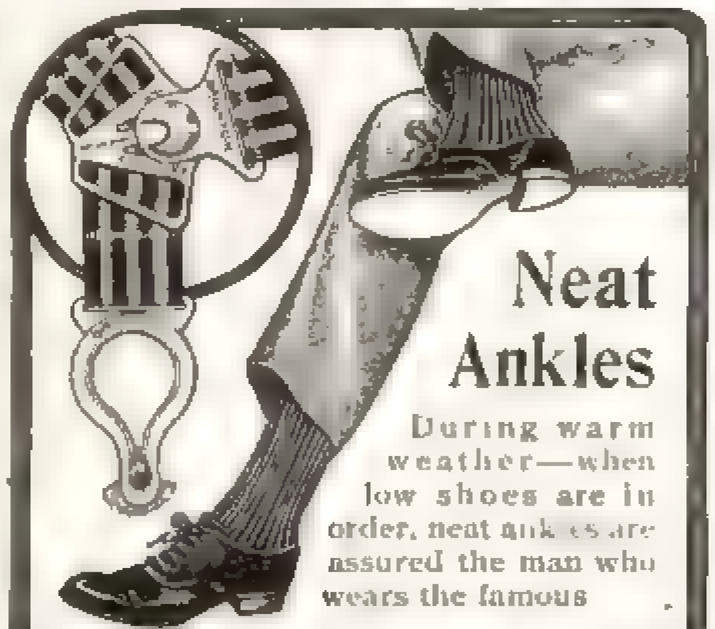

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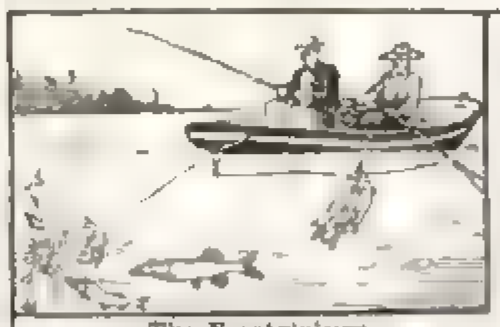

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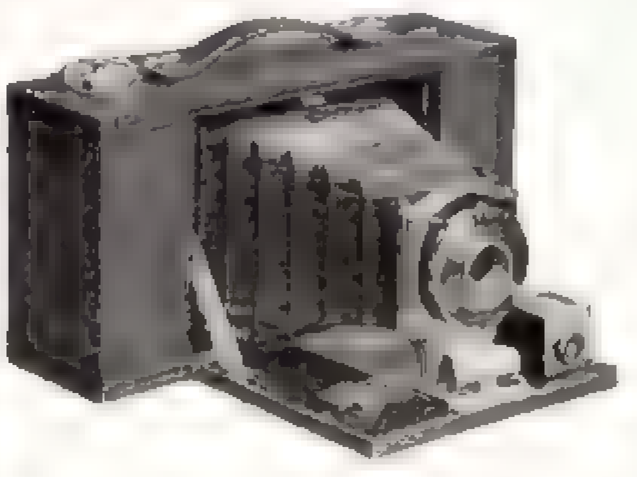

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"Isn't there?" questioned Miss Gay's brown eyes of Jones' pleasant, nearsighted ones.

"No," signaled the orbs of Jones through his mud spattered eyeglasses.

"I'm hungry," observed Professor Rawson in a patient but plaintive voice, like the note of a widowed guinea hen.

So they all sat down on the soft pine needles, while Ellis began his culinary sleight-of-hand; and in due time trout were frying merrily, bacon sputtered, ash-cakes and coffee exhaled agreeable odors, and mounds of diaphanous flapjacks tottered in hot and steaming fragrance on either flank.

There were but two plates; Jones constructed bark platters for Professor Rawson, Ellis and himself; Helen Gay shared knife and fork with Jones; Molly Sandys condescended to do the same for Ellis; Professor Rawson had a set of those articles to herself.

And there, in the pleasant glow of the fire, Molly Sandys, cross-legged beside Ellis, drank out of his tin cup and ate his flapjacks; and Helen Gay said shyly that never had she tasted such a banquet as this forest fare washed down with bumpers of icy, aromatic, spring water. As for Professor Rawson, she lifted the hem of her poncho and discreetly dried that portion of the Rhine-maiden's clothing which needed it; and while she sizzled contentedly, she ate flapjack on flapjack, and trout after trout, until merriment grew within her and she laughed when the younger people laughed, and felt a delightful thrill of recklessness tingling the soles of her stockings. And why not?

"It's all a very simple matter, after all," declared Jones; "it's nothing but a state of mind. I thought I was leading a simple life before I came here, but I wasn't. Why? Merely because I was *not* in a state of mind. But"—and here he looked full at Helen Gay—"but no sooner had I begun to appreciate the charm of the forest"—she blushed vividly—"no sooner had I realized what these awful solitudes might contain, than, instantly, I found myself in a state of mind. Then, and then only, I understood what heavenly perfection might be included in that frayed and frazzled phrase, 'The Simple Life.'"

"I understood it long ago," said Ellis dreamily.

"Did you?" asked Molly Sandys.

"Yes—long ago—about six hours ago"—he lowered his voice, for Molly Sandys had turned her head away from the firelight toward the cooler shadow of the forest—"about six hours ago."

"What happened," she asked carelessly, "six hours ago?"

"I first saw you."

"No," she said calmly; "I first saw you and took your picture!" She spoke coolly enough, but her color was bright.

"Ah, but before that shutter clicked, convicting me of a misdemeanor, your picture had found a place——"

"Mr. Ellis!"

"Please let me——"

"No!"

"Please——"

A silence.

"Then you must speak lower," she said, "and pretend to be watching the stream."

Professor Rawson gleefully scraped her plate and snuggled up in her poncho. She was very happy. When she could eat no more she asked Jones what his theory might be concerning Wagner's influence on Richard Strauss, and Jones said he liked waltzes, but didn't know that the man who wrote The Simple Life had anything to do with that sort of thing. And Professor Rawson laughed and laughed, and quoted a Greek proverb; and presently arose and went into the shanty, dropping the blanket behind her.

"Don't sit up late!" she called sleepily.

"Oh, *no!*" came the breathless duet.

"And don't forget to feed the swan!"

"Oh, *no!*"

A few minutes later a gentle, mellow, muffled monotone vibrated in the evening air. It was the swan-song of Professor Rawson.

Ellis laid fresh logs on the blaze, lighted a cigarette, and returned to his seat beside Molly Sandys, who sat, swathed in her poncho, leaning back against the base of a huge pine.

"Jones *is* right," he said; "the simple life—the older and simpler emotions, the primal desire—*is* a state of mind."

Molly Sandys was silent.

"And a state of—heart."

Miss Sandys raised her eyebrows.

"Why be insincere?" persisted Ellis.

"I'm not!"

"No—no—I didn't mean you. I meant everybody——"

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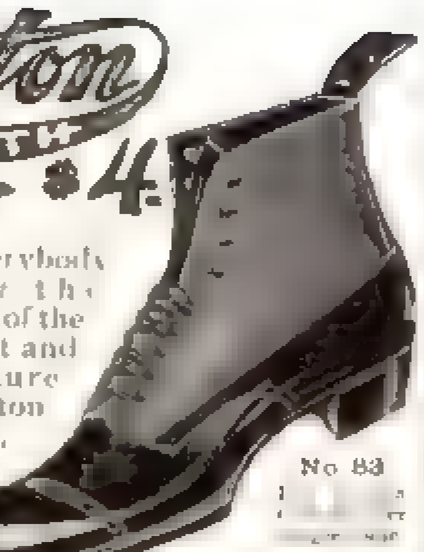

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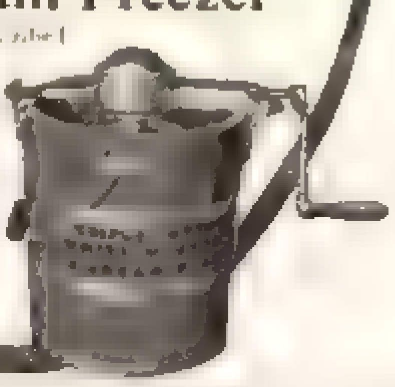

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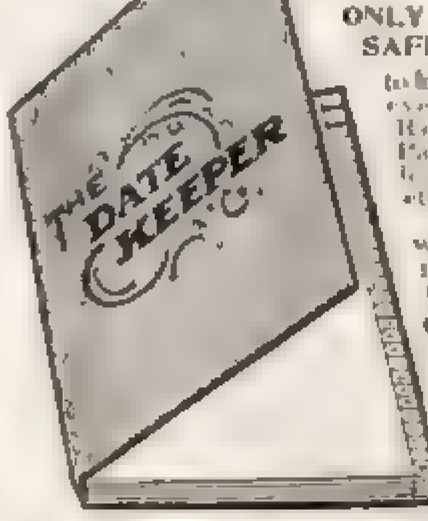

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"Indeed you *are!*"—much too warmly; and Molly Sandys looked up at the evening star.

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"I think you are."

"Well, then, following out my theorem logically, what is a man to do when, without an instant's warning, he finds himself——"

There was a pause, a long one.

"Finds himself where?" asked Molly Sandys.

"In love."

"I—I don't know," she said faintly. "Doesn't the simple life teach him what is—is proper—on such brief acquaintance——"

"*I* didn't say the acquaintance was brief; I only said the love was sudden."

"Oh—then I—I don't know——"

"M Mo-Mi-M M——"

He wanted to say "Molly," and he didn't want to say "Miss Sandys," and he couldn't keep his mouth shut, so that was the absurd result—a muttering monotone which embarrassed them both and maddened him till he stammered out: "The moment I saw you I—I can't help it; it's the simplest thing to do anyhow—to tell you—"

"Me?"

"You, M-M-Mo-Mi M——" He couldn't say it.

"Try," she whispered, stifling with laughter.

"Molly!" Like a cork from a popgun came the adored yet dreaded name.

Molly turned scarlet as Miss Gay and Jones looked up in pure amazement from the farther side of the campfire.

"*Don't* you know how to make love?" she whispered in a fierce little voice; "*don't* you? If you don't I am going off to bed."

"Molly!" That was better—in fact, it was so low that she could scarcely hear him. But she said: "Doesn't Helen Gay look charming in her tin armor? She *is* the dearest, sweetest girl, Mr. Ellis. She is my cousin. Do you think her pretty?"

"Do you know," whispered Ellis, "that I am in dead earnest?"

"Why, I—I hope so."

"Then tell me what chance I stand. I am in love; it came awfully quickly, as quickly as you snapped that kodak—but it has come to stay——"

"But *I* haven't!"

"That is why I speak. I can't endure it to let you go—Heaven knows where——"

"Only to New York," she said demurely, and, in a low voice, she named the street and the number. "In an interval of sanity you shall have an opportunity to reflect on what you have said to me, Mr. Ellis. Being a—a painter—and a rather famous one—for so young a man—you are, no doubt, impulsive—in love with love—*not* with a girl you met six hours ago."

"But if I *am* in love with her?"

"We will argue that question another time."

"In New York?"

She looked at him, a gay smile curving her lips. Suddenly the clear, gray eyes filled; a soft, impulsive hand touched his for an instant, then dropped.

"Be careful," she said unsteadily; "so far, I also have only been in love with love."

Stunned by the rush of emotion he rose to his feet as she rose, eye meeting eye in audacious silence.

Then she was gone, leaving him there—gone like a flash into the camp-hut; he saw the blanket twitching where she had passed behind it; he heard the muffled swan-song of her blanket-mate; he turned his enchanted eyes upon Jones. Jones, his elbows on the ground, chin on his palms, was looking up into the rapt face of Helen Gay, who sat by the fire, her mailed knees gathered up in her slim hands, the reflection of the blaze playing scarlet over her glittering tin armor.

"Why may I not call you Helen?" he was saying.

"Why should you, Mr. Jones?"

The infatuated pair were oblivious of him. *Should* he sneeze? No; his own case was too recent; their attitude fascinated him; he sat down softly to see how it was done.

"If—some day—I might be blessed enough to call you more than Helen——"

"Mr. Jones!"

"I can't help it. I love you so—so undauntedly that I have got to tell you *something* about it! You don't mind, do you?"

"But I *do* mind."

"Very much?"

Ellis thought: "Is *that* the way a man looks when he says things like that?" He shuddered, then a tremor of happiness seized him. Molly Sandys had emerged from the hut.

Passing the fire, she came straight to Ellis. "It's horrid in there. Don't you hear her? It's muffled, I know, because she's taken the swan to bed with her, and it's asleep, too, and acting as though Professor Rawson's head were a nest-egg. I am not sleepy; I—I believe I shall sit up by this delightful fire all night. Make me a nest of blankets."

Jones and Helen were looking across the fire at them in silence. Ellis unrolled some blankets, made a nest at the foot of the pine full in the fire-glow. Swathed to her smooth white throat, Molly sank into them.

"Now," she said innocently, "we can talk. Helen! Ask Mr. Jones to make some coffee. Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Jones! Isn't this perfectly delicious! So simple, so primitive, so sincere"—she looked at Ellis—"so jolly. If the simple life is only a state of mind I can understand how easy it is to follow it to sheerest happiness." And in a low voice, to Ellis: "Can *you* find happiness in it, too?"

Across the fire Helen called softly to them: "Do you want some toasted cheese, too? Mr. Jones knows how to make it."

A little later, Jones, toasting bread and cheese, heard a sweet voice softly begin the Swan Song. It was Helen. Molly's lovely, velvet voice joined in; Ellis cautiously tried his barytone; Jones wisely remained mute, and the cheese sizzled a discreet tremolo. It was indeed the swan-song of the heart whole and fancy free—the swan song of the unawakened. For the old order of things was passing away—had passed. And with the moon mounting in silvered splendor over the forest, the newer order of life—the simpler, the sweeter—became so plain to them that they secretly wondered, as they ate their toast and cheese, how they could have lived so long, endured so long, the old and dull complexity of a life through the eventless days of which their hearts had never quickened to the oldest, the most primitive, the simplest of appeals.

And so, there, under the burnished moon, soberly sharing their toasted cheese, the muffled swan-song of a maiden rose thrilling their enraptured ears, began for them that state of mind in the inviolate mystery of which the passion for the simple life is hatched.

"If we only had a banjo!" sighed Helen.

"I have a jew's-harp," ventured Jones. "I am not very musical, but every creature likes to emit some sort of melody."

Ellis laughed.

"Why not?" asked Helen Gay quickly, "after all, what simpler instrument can you wish for?" And she laughed at Jones in a way that left him light headed.

So there, in the moonlight and the shadows of the primeval pines, Jones—simplest of men with simplest of names—produced the simplest of all musical instruments, and, looking once into the beautiful eyes of Helen, quietly began the simplest of all melodies—the Spanish Fandango.

And for these four the simple life began.

* * *

Him and Her

Fickle Man

You called her "queen" ere you were wed
  And breathed your love in song and sonnet,
Without her smile all joy was dead,
For her you would have fought and bled,
And now you frown because she's said
  She wants another bonnet.

What's in a Name?

"You were alone," I said. "Did he
  Embrace his opportunity?"
The maiden blushed a rosy red.
  "Why do you call me that?" she said.

The Detachment.

He loved her for her wondrous hair,
  So bountiful and rich,
But when, alack! he saw it where
She'd chanced to leave it on a chair,
His train of thought was then and there
  Wrecked by a misplaced switch.

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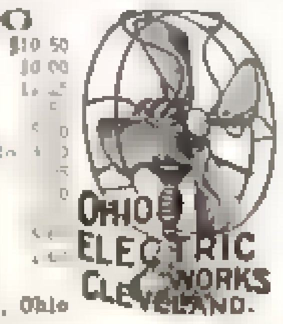

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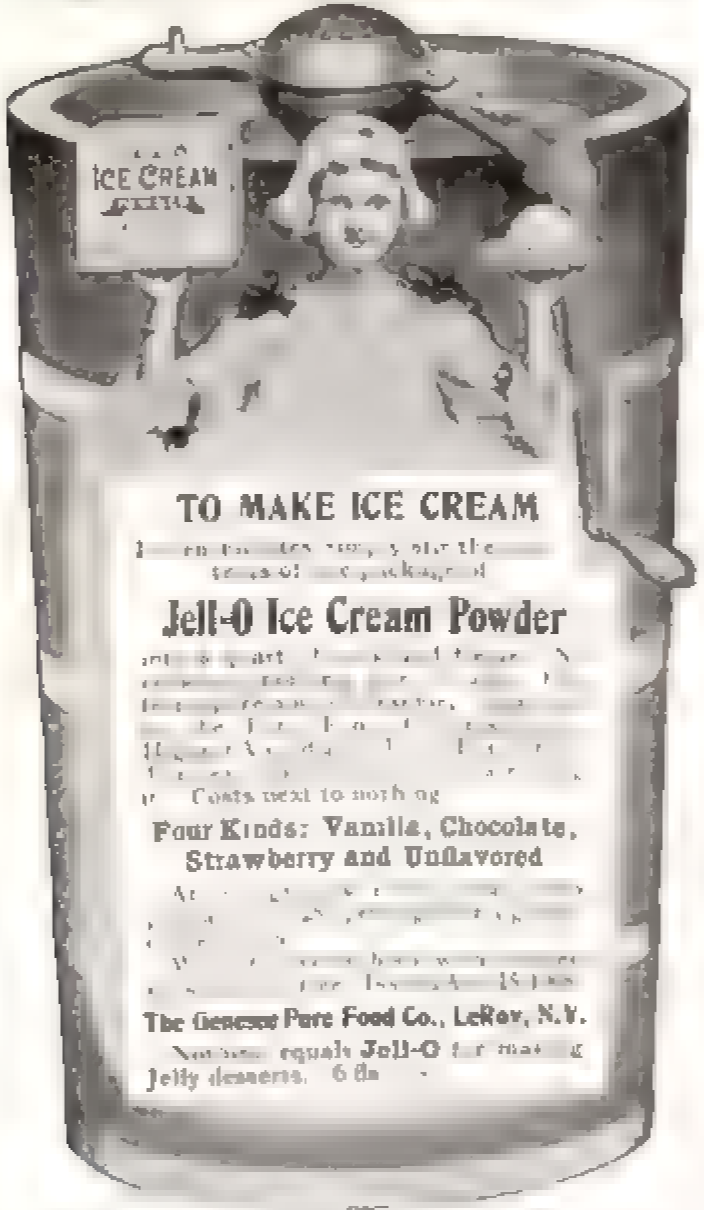

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The Memoirs of an American

(Continued from Page 11)

people of a whole State he's trying to buy through their Representatives."

"Who are there for sale?" I laughed.

"Does that make it any better?" she turned on me. "Seems to me, Van, you don't know any longer the difference between black and white!"

"We've got a perfect right to build that road, and build it we will — that's all there is to that matter!"

And so we argued for hours, May and I doing most of the talking. For I wanted her to understand just how the matter lay. No business in this large, modern world could be done on her plan of life. That beautiful scheme of things which the fathers of our country drew up in the stagecoach days had shown itself inadequate in a short century. We had to get along with it the best we could on the surface. But we men who did the work of the world, who developed the country, who were the life and force of the times, could not be held back by the swaddling-clothes of any political or moral theory. Results we must have: good results; and we worked with the tools we found at hand.

"It's no use your talking any more!" May exclaimed at last. "I understand just what you mean, Van Harrington. It's the same way it was with the judge's peaches. You wanted 'em, and you took 'em! What you want you think is good for every one, especially for Van Harrington. And you are so wise and strong you think you can step over all laws because laws are made for small people like Will and me, and you and your kind are Napoleons. You talk as if you were a part of God's destiny. And I say" — here her voice broke for a moment — "I say, Van, you are the devil's instrument! You and those like you — and there are a good many of them — are just plain big rascals, only the laws can't get you."

Her lips trembled and broke into that little ironical smile which I knew so well, the smile she had when I used to get into some boyish scrape, and she was looking through me for the truth. But for all her hot words, I knew she had a kindly feeling for me somewhere in her heart. Nevertheless, Sarah, who had been following our talk as well as she could, fired up at her accusations.

"I think, May," she said with all her dignity, "that you cannot say any more such things in my husband's house."

"Yes," I said, "we have had too much talk all around. You can't change my character any more than you can make wheat grow in Arizona or sugarcane in Dakota. And I don't want to change your views, May."

For though she made me pretty angry, I admired the way she stood to her guns. She was a fighter! Whoever traveled with her would have to travel by her star.

"Yes," my brother added, "it's gone too far now to change. Words don't do any good. Come, wife, let us go."

"I am sorry for Sarah," May said, taking Sarah's hands in hers. "She suffers for you, Van, and she will suffer for this all her life. But I am sorrier for you, Van, for you have gone too far to suffer!"

She swept out of the room, her little figure swelling with dignity; and Will followed her, as the needle swings to its magnet, pausing only long enough to reach for my hand and press it. When the front door shut upon them the house seemed suddenly cold and empty. Sarah had slipped back to the lounge, and was staring up at the ceiling, a tear trickling across her face.

"I suppose May won't ever come back again. And we were planning to take that cottage this summer so that the children could be together."

That detail didn't seem to me very important, but it was the one that showed to Sarah the gulf which had opened between us. Sarah's little world, by that token, was breaking up.

"Oh," I said, trying to comfort her, "like as not this will blow over. May has disapproved of me before this."

But in my heart I felt there wasn't much likelihood that this breach would be healed. Knowing May as I did, I had no idea that she would let Will continue with me, even in another position. No compromise for her! To-morrow or next day Will would come into the office to take his leave. . . .

"I guess, Van, I'll go to bed."

It was the first word Sarah had spoken for half an hour. The tears had dried on her face. She gave me a light kiss, and left

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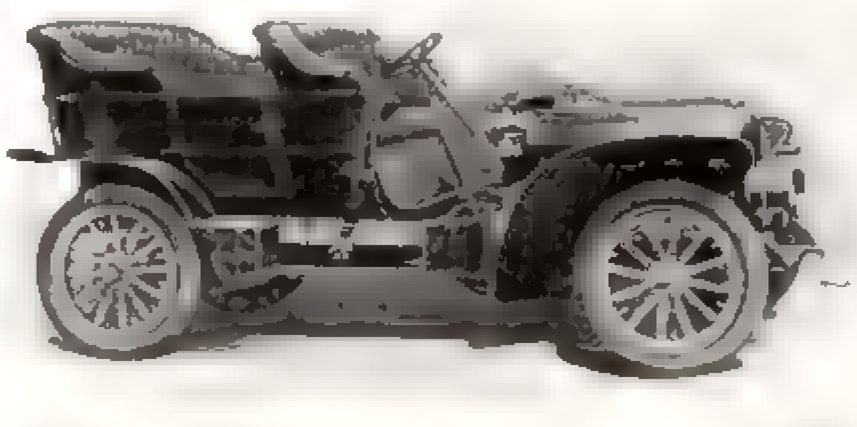

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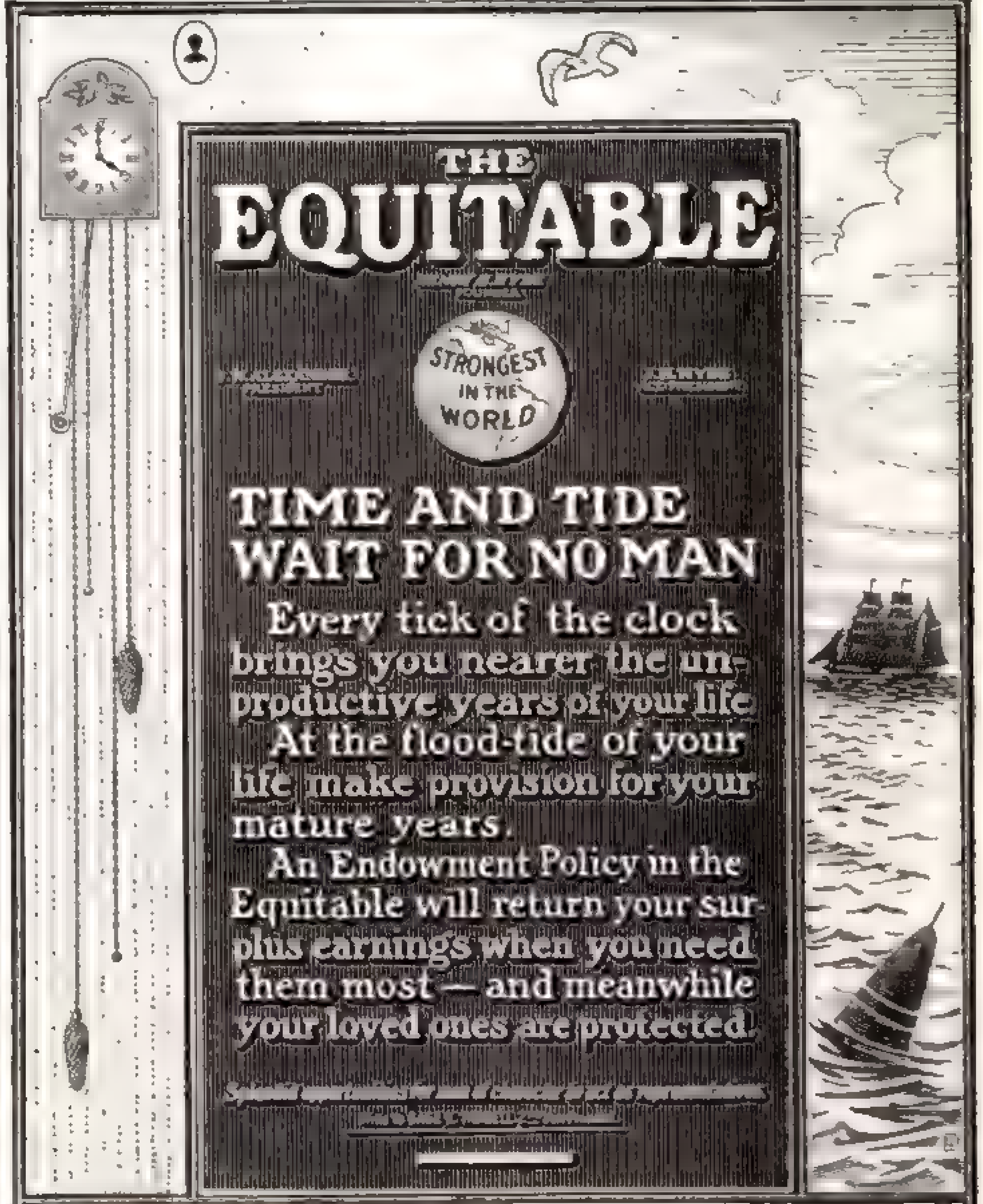

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me. . . . The pity of it with women is that they have only their dumb affections with which to wrestle against a problem of life! But after a time Sarah would recover from her pain. She would put the hard words from her heart, and turn to her children, who were all hers.

The house seemed cold and desolate, as if the pleasant kindliness of life had gone out of it when my brother and his wife had left. I made up the fire, lighted a fresh cigar, and sat down to think. Somehow years had gone by in that evening; I was heavy with the heaviness of middle life.

To take the other road, her road—that was what May demanded. How little she knew! That would mean immediate ruin for me and mine, and for those men who trusted me with their money. The world that I had been building all these years would crumble and vanish like smoke into the void out of which I had made it!

In all the forty years of my life there had been no evil as I know evil. No man could say that he had harm from me—unless it might be poor Ed Hostetter. And for thousands of such workers as live from day to day, depending on men like me to give them their chance to earn bread for their wives and children, I had made the world better rather than worse. They lived and had children and got the good there is in life because of me and my will. But to the others, the good ones, to Farson and Dround and May, I was but a common thief, a criminal, who fattened on the evil of the world. What had they done to make life? What was their virtue good for? They took the dainty paths and kept their clothes from the soil of the road. Yes, and what then? A sense of irritation filled my heart. Why should I be pestered, and those I loved estranged, because they were too good to do as I had done?

So my brother and May had gone their way. They left me lonely. For the first time since the day, many years before, when I walked out of the police-station alone into the city, the loneliness of life came over me. To-morrow, in the daylight, in the good fight of the day, that ache would go; but to-night there was no hand to reach, no voice to speak, from the multitude of all the world. One person only of all would know, would place big and little side by side and reckon them rightly—would understand the ways I had followed to get my ends. Jane Dround would throw them a smile of tolerance, the little ones who weigh and hesitate!

There was the soul of the fighter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD

(Concluded from Page 7)

who looked as though she might have come straight from the dairy house at dear old Dalkeith Chase, spoke a few words of courage and of hope to the assembled crowd—and God had come into His own in my poor soul! I withdrew those seven hundred dollars that you so thoughtfully managed to save for me out of my quarterly remittances, and as I owed the Indians for my change of front, I laid the money out in blankets, boots and food, and playthings for the children, and then I gave the chief of the Songhees due notice of my intended potlatch.

"You may believe that a great company of braves foregathered in honor of the occasion. Then I was free! The food I was to eat on the next day, the bed I was to sleep on, must first be worked for! And I worked for them. And soon I came to see that other men about me were sinking out of sight as I myself had steadily been sinking—younger and better chaps, too, with more to live for—and I made up my mind that I would get into a uniform again and stand with these poor, struggling and dying and hopeless fellows in the soul-strewn trenches. And here I am!"

He lasted only about six months after I saw him. The very day on which he wrote the closing paragraphs of his history of the Northwestern tribes he took to bed, and in a week the end came. The battered wreck had been floated off at the flood tide and towed into the haven where he would be. Among his papers I found a letter from his brother, the earl, which closed with these words: "Although by relinquishing the remittance you absolve yourself from the obligation to remain away from England, I trust your sense of decency will lead you to see that you must not return. You are dead to us." But alive unto God forevermore!

HOW SCOTT GRABBED THE LIVE WIRE

By HOLMAN DAY

"IF you should dream," said Contractor Scott, "that you were crawling on your hands and knees, inside a circular wall, with all your earthly possessions on your back, trying to find a hole through the wall and yet knowing well enough that you never could find one, and believing that you were doomed to fumble and butt away at the foot of that wall all your life—I say, if you should have such visions as that in the night it would come pretty near being a nightmare, wouldn't it?

"Well, I had all the mental effect of that thing happen to me in real life. I certainly was up against it and with the consciousness that it was through no especial fault of my own, and also that no struggles of mine could change conditions. Ever and ever butting away at the wall and hunting for a hole to crawl through!

"The end of it? Why, I climbed up that wall and over it on a live wire, astonishing myself all the time while I was doing it. And I guess some of the folks around me were astonished, too, at the way it all came out. Here's how it happened.

"I wasn't of the 'submerged tenth' class or a down-trodden serf or anything of that sort, you understand, but a chap pretty moderately comfortable, as the world looks at it. But I tell you, my friend, there isn't any real despair to equal that of the fairly intelligent chap of the middle classes with a family and ambitions, who has fallen into a rut of a job, and feels that he hasn't got the right technical education to suit his activities and aspirations.

"I had been a carpenter for ten years and at the end of the time I knew I had reached the limit of my earning capacity in that line, no matter how zealously I applied myself.

"When we 'sawdust lawyers' talked such things over, as we ate our noon dinners out of our pails, the fellows I worked with asserted that getting up somewhere in life all depended on how a chap started, for after he got to a certain age a man had sort of mortgaged himself to the future by what he knew how to do best—and so he was tied to the treadmill. You see, at that time I didn't have any idea that someone had planned out a way by which a chap could climb over the wall.

"I think I said as much to a stranger who called at my house one evening and stated that he represented some kind of an educational system taught by mail.

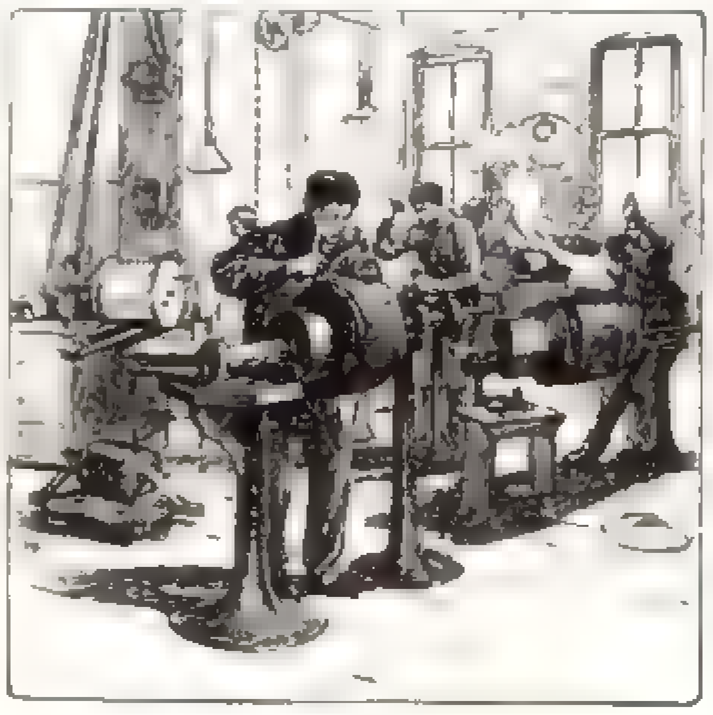
"I had never heard of the International Correspondence Schools or what the idea meant to a man in my position. But when he asked me whether I believed I had just the right kind of an education to fit in with my ambitions, why, that gave me a chance to launch out on my favorite topic. But the man proceeded to show me that not only had someone anticipated the growl that was coming from such as I, but had figured out a way around the difficulty. Why, when he found out that I had a hankering electricity-wards, he said I could become an electrical engineer, if I wanted to be one, and needn't lose a clip of work. I'll own up that at first crack it sounded as though he was assuring me that my rosiest dream would come to pass and expected that I would believe him. But he kept at it and told me about other cases and in the end I decided to find out whether or not the 'sawdust lawyers' were mistaken.

"I wasn't very ambitious at the start. I began in the wiring and bell work course. That's what I meant when I said I got over that wall by climbing on a live wire. It was a mighty interesting end of wire that came dangling toward me; it was just full of the tingling electricity of helpfulness. The moment I grabbed hold of it I felt awake all over. I want you to understand that there are some lively batteries attached to the business end of the I. C. S. wires. It's soggy material, indeed, that they can't put the thrill of accomplishment into.

"I studied nights and my spare hours and you can best judge of my encouragement and sense of self-reliance when I say that in a short time I gave up my carpenter work and started out in my new field. I got a job by simply mentioning that I was taking a course with the I. C. S. and showing my cards. The raises in pay I got, and they were pretty regular, I assure you—were all on account of my connection with the school and the progress I made in my studies.

"I went from $9 a week as a helper to $2.50 a day as an electrical foreman for the Brigham Electric Company. I felt that then I was at least half way up the wall! But that wire still thrilled in my clutch! That's the advantage of having hold of a good thing, you understand!

"So I enrolled for the electrical engineering course, and receiving the bound books, studied them by the assistance of the principles I had learned in the preceding course, and used them for reference books in my practical work. Then I was fairly on top of that wall! More thrill in the wire—more enthusiasm communicated by the knowing how and the knowledge that I *did* know how—and that those behind me knew how. *I got tired of working for someone else.* Yes, sir, I just jumped right square off that 'wage wall' and left it behind me—and if I talked to you an hour I couldn't better express my views of the I. C. S. course than by simply stating that I jumped. I had moral, mental and technical confidence in myself, and I've told you frankly how I got it. I trust that now you realize that a course of this training doesn't mean simply the accumulation of a lot of dry details and items of knowledge."



Mr. W. W. Scott, of 56 Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass., whose experience is given above, is now an electrical contractor with an income of $4000 a year. Thousands of others have attained success by the same means. You can do so if you will *make the start*. The I. C. S. can help you to qualify in your spare time for promotion or a more profitable occupation or to commence work at a better salary than if you started without training. They do this through their easy system of teaching by mail. The start is simply to fill in and mail to them the coupon below. They will tell you how they can fit you for the position you want, and they will send you their booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," telling what the I. C. S. has done for a thousand others beside Mr. Scott.

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE SUMMER NOVEL — A modern exotic as exhibited in Harold MacGrath's new book

¶ American prosperity and the American climate — as various and as strenuous as the American people themselves — have arbitrarily divided our lives into two parts for every year. We have a summer life and a winter life, each with its peculiar interests, affairs and amusements, none of which would be proper to the other half of the year. Thus, for the winter we have work, the theatre and the serious novel, and for the warm months play and the seashore or the mountains — and that modern industry, summer reading. As to just what summer reading ought to be critics may differ, but as to what it is there is small opportunity for dispute. It may be hard to define, but it is not difficult to classify. The Princess Elopes *(The Bobbs Merrill Company)* is of the family.

The story is, properly enough, about a mythical state and its impossible Princess. The state is the Grand Duchy of Barscheit and the Princess is Hildegarde, niece of the Grand Duke, who is familiarly, and rightly, known as "Old Grumpy" (Brummbar). He declares that the Princess shall marry the Prince Doppelkinn, who is sixty and has a red nose. Naturally, the Princess balks. She forges a marriage certificate and, when that ruse fails, runs away. How she happened to run away in the same railway carriage with Max Scharfenstein — Prince, cowboy, quarterback and doctor — furnishes the chief episodes of the tale which the American Consul, who has a love affair of his own, has to tell.

All in all, though guilty of some bad lapses in style, the narrative is bright, light, clever and amusing.

SHUTTING THE EYE OF WORRY — Miss Call's advice for the simplification of life and the conservation of energy.

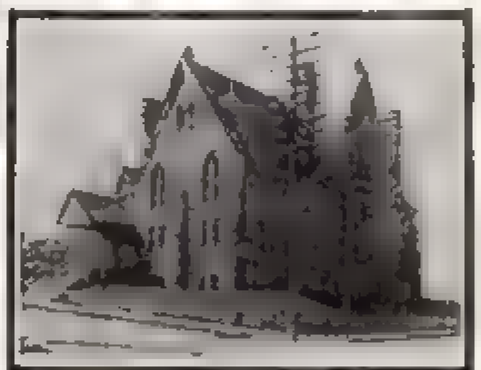
¶ Annie Payson Call's little book of essays, The Freedom of Life *(Little, Brown & Co.)*, contains a manual of conduct which should be of no small help to many thousands of Americans. In our hurried and jostled existence, Miss Call preaches that calm which is the vehicle of the greatest endeavor, and that voluntary exclusion of things unpleasant and unessential from one's mental vision which leaves free the field for things pleasant and essential. Moreover, her advice is simple, practical, applicable to the average life of the average man — and especially to the average life of the average woman. One may or may not agree with the author's attitude toward dogmatic religion, but one cannot well deny the sanity of her attitude toward life.

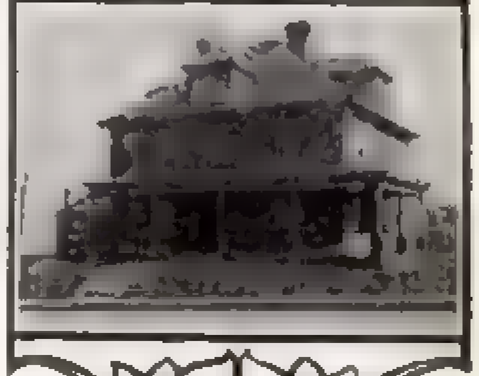
To conserve energy; to clear the decks for action; to disregard, by pure effort of will, the thousand and one trifles on which we daily squander a nervous force required by the really important matters of life — that is Miss Call's gospel, and it is a good one, but, like the best of human dicta, it is possible of one interpretation which is dangerous. There is, of course, a phase of this voluntary blindness to unpleasant truth which is nothing but moral cowardice.

THE NOVEL OF ANCIENT HISTORY — Why it failed in better hands than those of Mr. Cramp, and why it fails in Psyche.

¶ It has been said of George Ebers that his brother novelists always spoke of him as a great Egyptologist, and that his fellow-Egyptologists never mentioned him except as a great novelist. Therein lies the secret of the inherent failure of historical romance. Save for the great exceptions, such as Esmond, the historical novel is a contradiction in terms: it is neither a history nor a novel. In fact, the elder Dumas succeeded merely because he had the master-hand for the telling of good adventure-stories — it mattered not with the trappings of what time he hung his stage: the story was the thing. So also Scott: his historical passages were dry and slow when he wrote them, and are dry and slow to-day. Scott was a great story teller; his Scotch peasants, in whom rests his greatest measure of success, were safe transcriptions from the pages of his own time, because time changes the Scotch peasant but little and slowly; and his Dugald Dalgettys triumphed because they had a vitality which inured them to any period,

McKEESPORT PA





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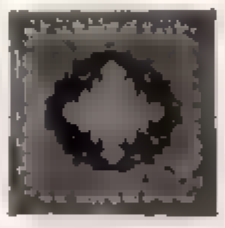

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and his few achievements in the portraiture of real persons of an elder time were the result of a long research among contemporary observers which, when it is possible, few of our twentieth-century romancers seem to care to undertake.

Obviously, the task of the writer who sets his scene in ancient Babylon or old Rome is almost hopeless from its conception. The minor characters of that day strike no responsive chord in our modern life, and great men were not then surrounded by a court of French memoirists or a company of English letter-writers. And yet there is no denying the fact that in our reading public there is a large body of persons who want their ancient history in the terms of modern romance. For them there must be writers and books, since the inexorable law of supply and demand works here as elsewhere, and for them, no doubt, are intended such books as Walter S. Cramp's Psyche *(Little, Brown & Co.)*. Mr. Cramp writes about Tiberius at Capri, about the attempt of his favorite Sejanus, Prefect of the Prætorians, to grasp the imperial laurels; about Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus, and about the charioteer Gyges and his betrothed, a beautiful Greek dancing girl whose name gives the book its title.

Out of stock situations there has been made a readable tale, for Mr. Cramp writes at least easily. For the rest, such novels as Psyche are, as was said at the start, largely a matter of taste, and Tiberius himself would have been the last person to dispute preferences in taste. —*R. W. K.*

THE WOMAN SCORNED — Her vengeance furnishes the motive for Return, a story of old Savannah.

¶ Even yet, one occasionally comes across a posthumous child of the historical novel with red blood in his veins, and who, by dint of doing unconvincing things convincingly, assumes reality. Such a character is the heroine of Return *(L. C. Page & Co.)*, by Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. In Charleston this woman has played havoc with men's hearts in the manner traditional. Beautiful and heartless, she is also a flirt and a jilt; few upon whom she cast an eye went unscathed, and her trail across the life of the city is a trail of desolation. But time has its revenges. The day comes, at the very opening of the book, where she herself falls a victim to the passion she had played with in others, and then her sweetheart, a young Scotchman, deserts her at the altar.

Thenceforward she vows her life to revenge. In pursuit of that ideal she goes to Oglethorpe's colony of debtors. There, in Savannah, without male kin to fight her battle on the field of honor, it becomes her one abiding purpose to marry a man who will wipe out the stain — any man who has the requisite strength of arm, quickness of wit and skill with the sword. Such a man she finds. On him she practices the wiles of her earlier days, and he succumbs. How he discovers the deception, and how, then, the woman's character develops and grows in the heat of suffering, the authors have realized with more than ordinary ability, using, in some instances, scenes of genuine strength.

¶ **MINOR MENTION: There is a great deal of** sneering done at the expense of Mr. Edward Howard Griggs, the average critic assuming that Mr. Griggs is merely a mild young man whose sole mission is the propounding and explaining of platitudes to the sort of women who like them and require that they be explained. But this attitude is only partly justified, and, whether Mr. Griggs is all that his masculine critics think or more than his fair admirers believe, the fact remains that he has a large following — that his lectures are always listened to by big audiences; and if his disciples are mostly feminine — well, surely they are not to be scorned for that. They believe in him, doubt him who else may, and they will probably read with many thrills his Moral Education *(B. W. Huebsch)*, in the twenty-five chapters of which he attempts to repeat the oft-repeated purpose of moral education and to tell again the familiar means by which that purpose may be achieved. At least, it cannot truthfully be denied that his work is exhaustive. Mr. Griggs says that the aim of moral education is, or should be, "to develop . . . a strong and effective moral personality." Those readers who thought that the aim of moral education was to produce a weak and vicious immoral personality have thus no longer the chance to plead unenlightenment. Others may content themselves with that soul-satisfying marginal commentary of the elect: "How true!"

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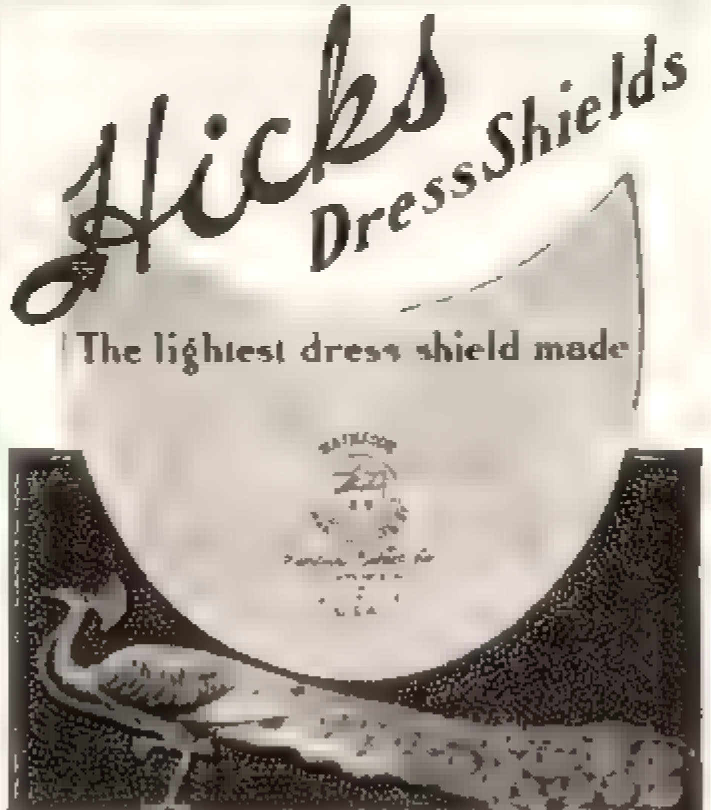

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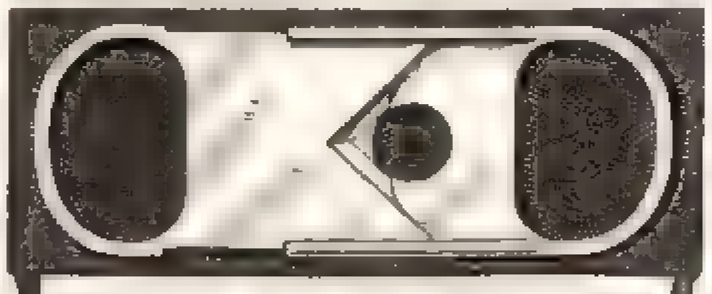

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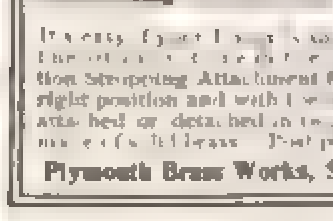

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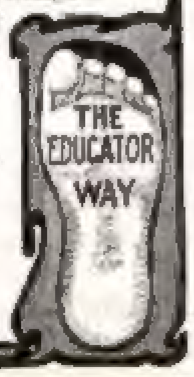

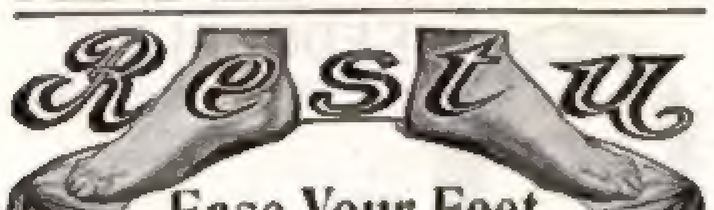

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The Reading Table

The Cosmopolitan

"And have you journeyed far?" I asked a hungry-looking tramp.
Said he, "I've tried Topeka while in many a busy camp."

Said I, "The man who travels makes the fruits of learning his."
"Oh, yes," said he, "I know just what an Indianapolis."

"You're fond of Wheeling," I remarked, "by train?" and he replied:
"I never do a stroke of work, Norwalk when I can ride.

"I never have a Dayton hand, and so I never say
To any station-agent, 'Do these trains Schenectady?'

"I'm fond of music, so I like to journey via Lynn,
Nor Haverhill so steep and long our train cannot get in.

"No being with a Galveston can I address as wife:
I've never felt the Holyoke of happy married life.

"We hoboes are a Mobile lot; we eat and sleep and yawn,
And always wear the same old clothes Oswego marching on.

"And when the crowd is Taunton us we take it all in fun;
We cannot spare the time to stop and have our Washington.

"Were wishes ships we'd Salem with the canvas all unfurled,
Nor anchor would we cast till we'd Albany round the world.

"But on a boat a Little Rock will get me off my feet,
And once in Maine Augusta wind upset me in the street.

"Some towns of which you're Fond du Lac the means of getting at;
You've got to trust in Providence and let it go at that.

"I've had my Philadelphia, but still I don't regret
I saw the place, for what's the use? We may be Joliet.

"I've got to go to Portland to the Fair they hold this year,
And then, of course, Seattle and Tacoma souvenir.

"And now," said he, "I must to bed because it's getting dark."
Said I: "Pray tell me where you sleep?" He winked and said "Hyde Park."

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Knew the Family

THE late Richard Henry Stoddard, though the kindest of men, was sometimes found in a testy mood when first approached. One day, while he was very busy at the office, an unknown young man insisted on forcing his way in, though Mr. Stoddard had sent out word suggesting an appointment later. The caller entered jauntily, glanced about in an easy manner and then said:

"Mr. Stoddard, I believe?"

"Yes."

"My name is Hammerjinks. Rather an uncommon name, but ——"

"Nothing uncommon about it! Know a thousand Hammerjinkses! Born at Hammerjinksville! What can I do for you?"

The Evidence of the Eye

IN THE Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being built in New York, use is being made, for the first time in this country, of certain architectural expedients, depending upon mere errors of sight, which, as has been discovered only recently, were extensively employed during the Middle Ages in the construction of great churches and other

Finger-Reach Control

In this car all controlling levers are assembled at the steering post. Wheel, gear shift, clutch, throttle and spark control are all within finger reach, so that the operator need never take either hand away from the steering post. This arrangement, together with the responsiveness of the Autocar running mechanism, makes this car easier and simpler than a horse to drive. The greatest value ever offered in a light four-passenger car is

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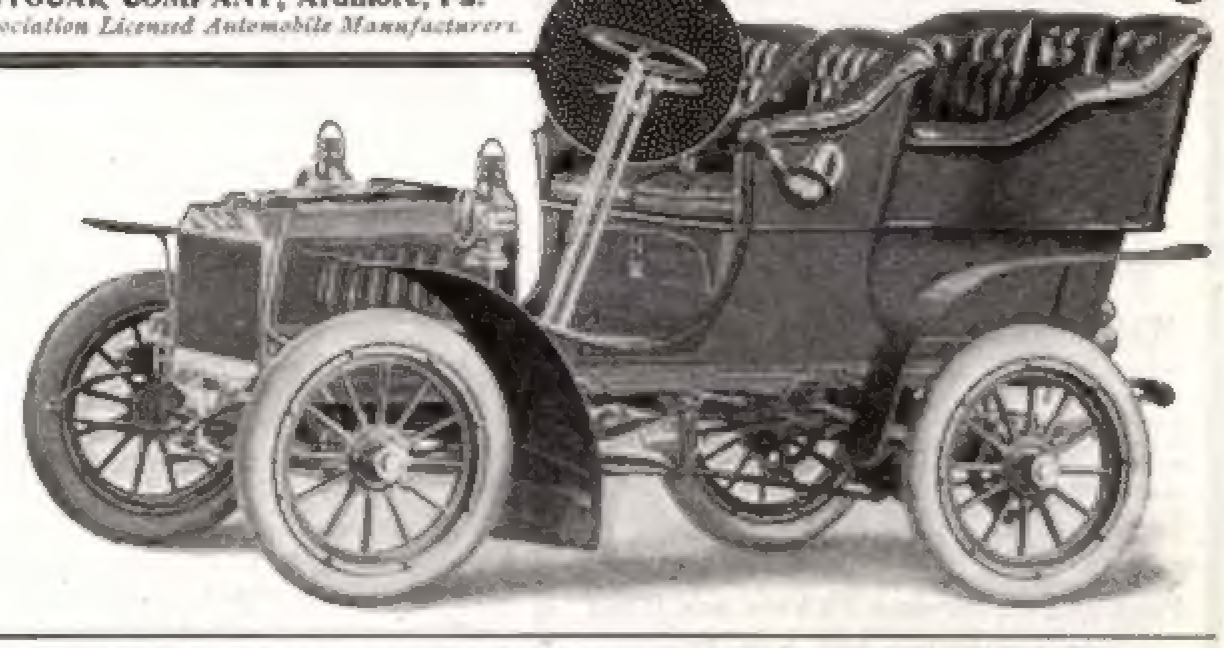

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order, serving one squab. There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in **One Month**; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our **Free Book,** "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry.

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important edifices. By the introduction of sloping floors, diminishing arches, and other devices of the kind, an artificial perspective was literally built into many an ancient fane — for one example, in St. Mark's in Venice, where the finding of a twist or two of the sort, never previously observed, caused much groundless alarm a short time after the fall of the Campanile, an impression being entertained by the authorities that the structure was in danger of tumbling down. These fears were allayed, however, by an American scientist of high reputation, Professor Goodyear, who, having made a special study of the subject, was able to prove that the eccentricities in question had been purposely embodied in the original design.

The Insect Invasion

THERE are now in bearing in this country 165,000,000 apple trees, and not less than $8,250,000 per annum is spent in spraying and otherwise treating them for protection against the codling moth. When this is added to the shrinkage, and full allowance is made for the use of damaged fruit for cider, the bug in question must be chargeable with at least $20,000,000. Other orchard fruits suffer losses equally heavy, and for all of them, including small fruits also, the yearly damage is fully twenty per cent. of the entire crop.

Enormous as is the annual loss which may now be fairly charged to predatory bugs, it would certainly be vastly greater if such enemies were left unchecked and no efforts were made to restrict their operations. By the adoption of such means as science has been able to devise for the control of these innumerable foes, an immense amount of saving has been accomplished. The damage done by the cotton worm has been cut down from $30,000,000 to $10,000,000; the fight against the Hessian fly saves wheat worth from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 annually; defensive measures against the codling moth reduce the loss by $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, and the existence of the orange industry of California has been made possible only by the introduction from Australia of a natural enemy of the white scale — a pestiferous creature which, a few years ago, was rapidly destroying the orange and lemon orchards.

An Artist's Mistake

OLIVER HERFORD, while recently exploring a remote part of New York, found himself beset by the pangs of hunger. Entering a small restaurant of somewhat doubtful aspect, he ordered a mutton-chop. The waiter, after a long delay, returned, bearing a plate on which reposed a dab of mashed potato and a much overdone chop of microscopic proportions and with a remarkably long and slender rib attached. Clapping this down briskly before the famished artist, the waiter started off to attend to another customer without further ceremony.

"See here," called Herford, "I ordered a chop."

"Yessir," answered tne man. "There it is."

"Oh, beg pardon; that's true," returned Herford, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

Proper Pride

OF THE thousands who admired the acting of John McCullough, few were aware that at sixteen he could read, but could not write, and that at eighteen he knew absolutely nothing of literature, perhaps not even the name of the great Poet of Avon whose interpreter he afterward became.

In after life McCullough used to speak gratefully of an old chairmaker — under whom he worked — for teaching him two things — "chairmaking and Shakespeare." In his periods of conviviality the old chairmaker was accustomed to spout Shakespeare to young McCullough, giving a somewhat imperfect imitation of Forrest's acting. It was this that turned McCullough's thoughts from chairmaking to the stage. Yet in all his after years McCullough was proudest of the thorough workmanship of his early craft. On one occasion, at the height of his popularity, he was the guest of a wealthy Philadelphian. In the midst of the talk after dinner the tragedian glanced at a chair in the room, went over to it, and, turning it bottom up, said to his amazed host:

"I thought so! That's one of my chairs."

And he seemed prouder of the fact that the chair had lasted so long, because it was so well made, than he was of his histrionic success.

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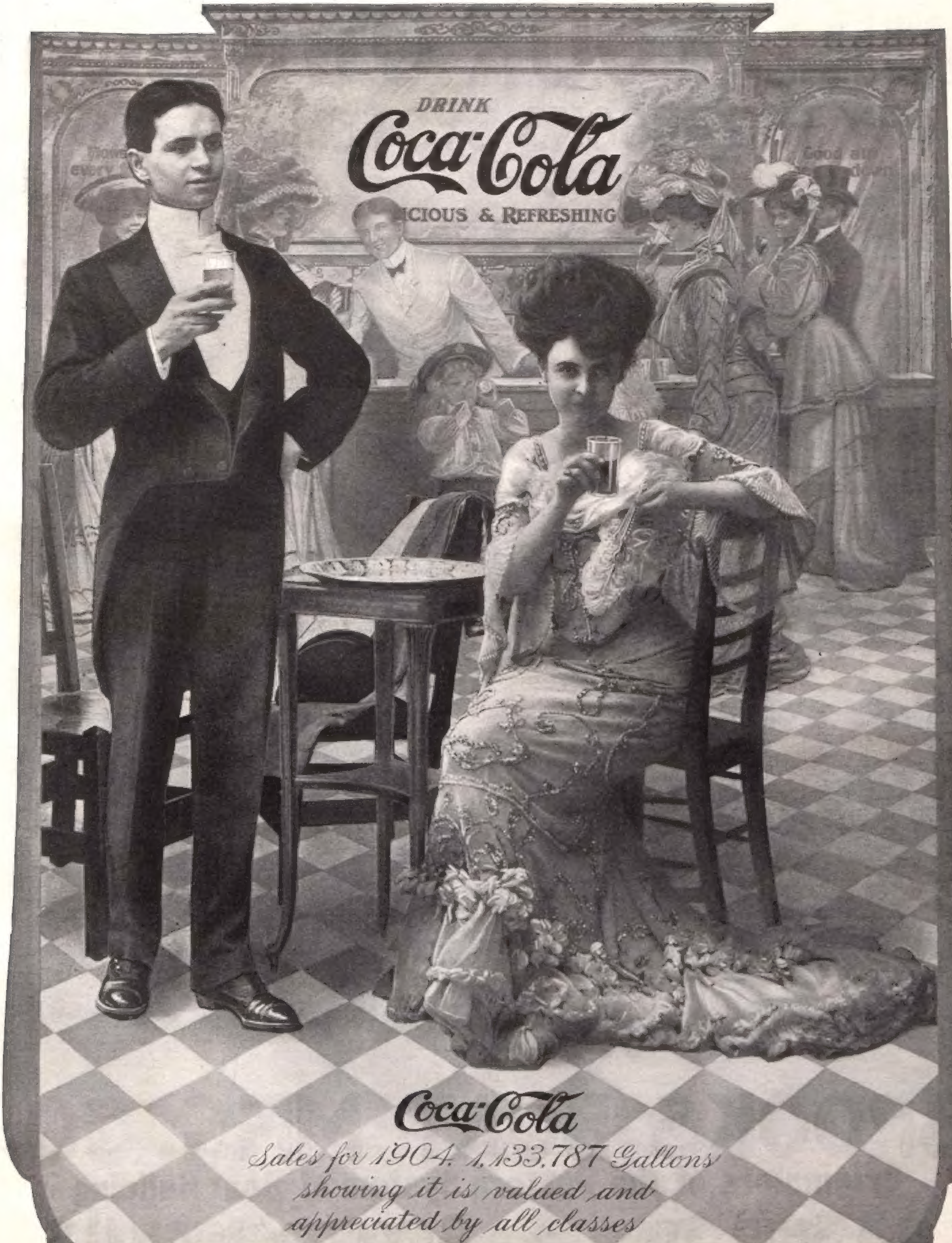
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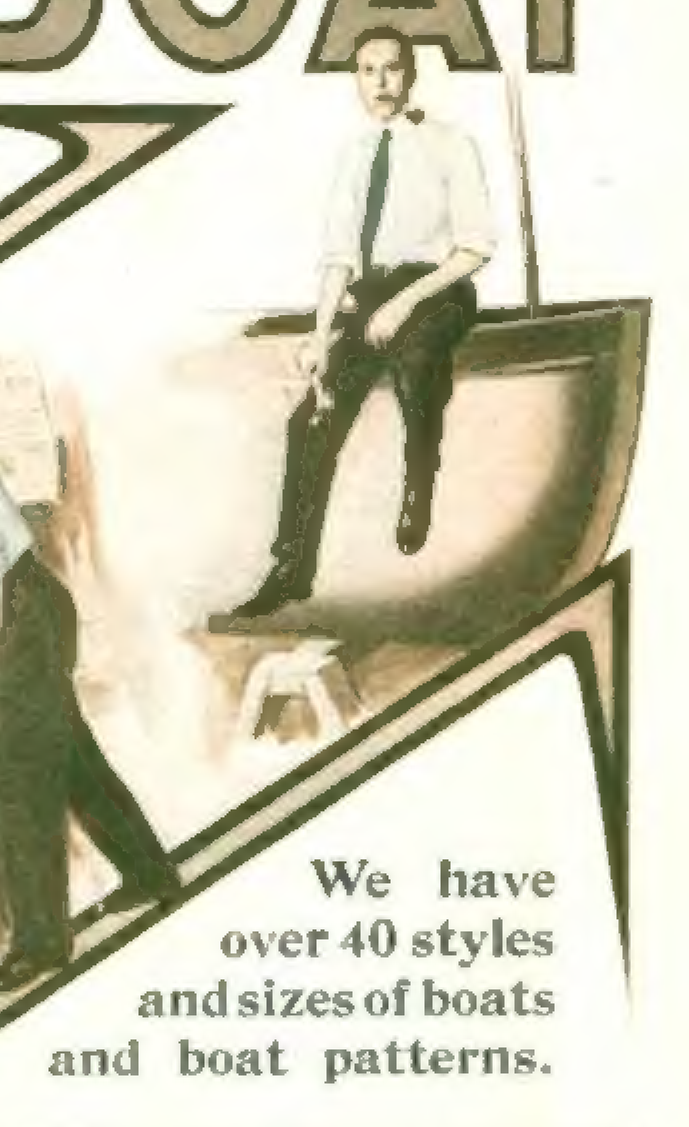
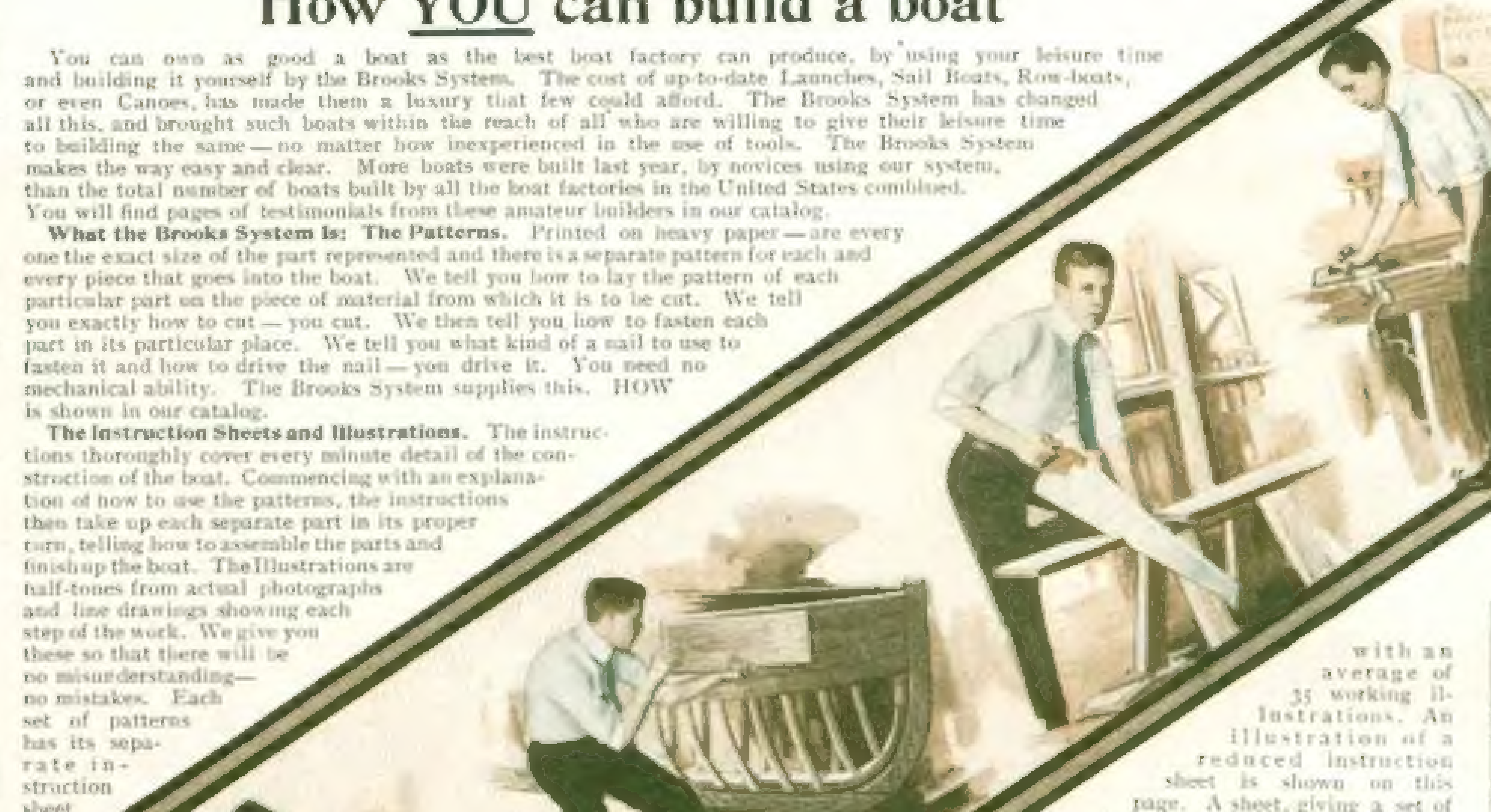
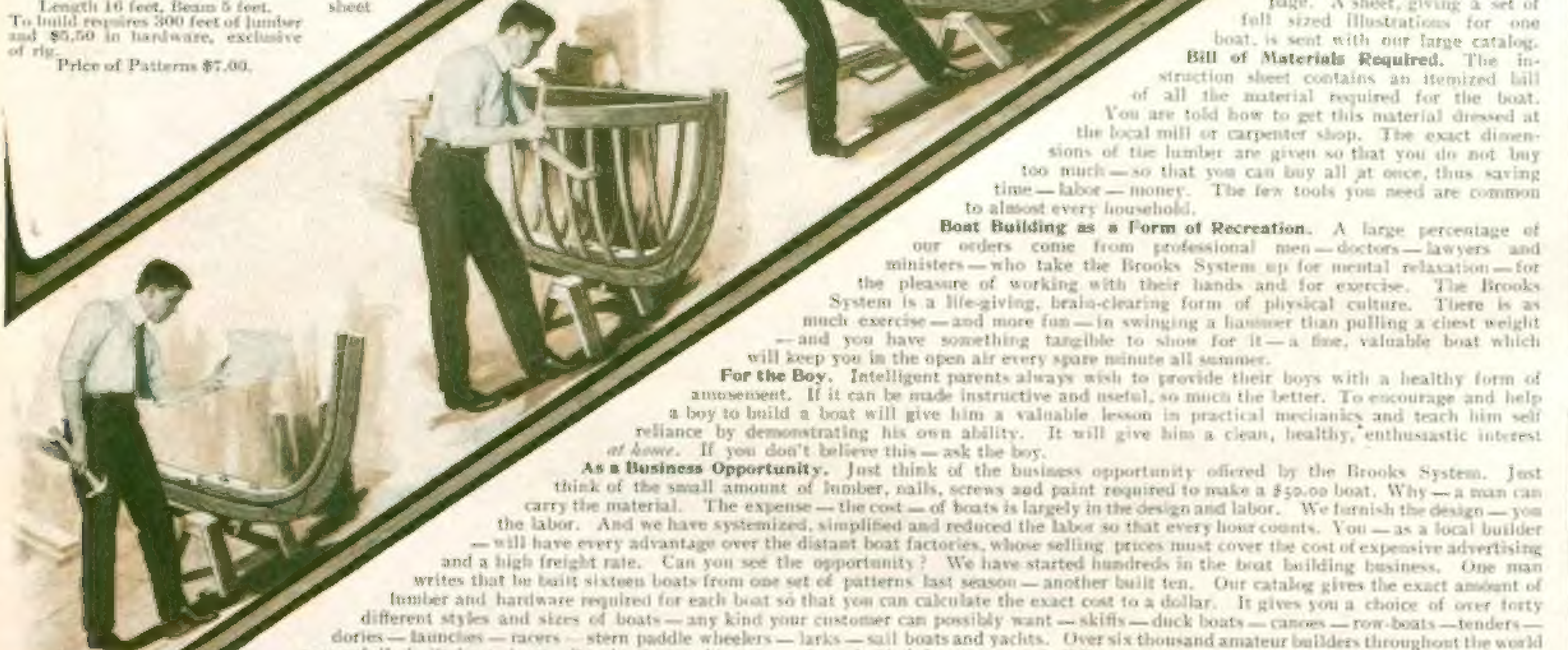
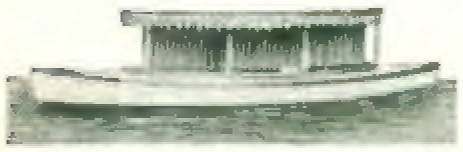






How YOU can build a boat



Length 22½ feet, Beam 6 feet.
To build requires 425 feet of lumber and $10,00 in hardware,
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Length 16 feet, Beam 31 inches.
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You can own as good a boat as the best boat factory can produce, by using your leisure time and building it yourself by the Brooks System. The cost of up-to-date Launches, Sail Boats, Row-boats, or even Canoes, has made them a luxury that few could afford. The Brooks System has changed all this, and brought such boats within the reach of all who are willing to give their leisure time to building the same — no matter how inexperienced in the use of tools. The Brooks System makes the way easy and clear. More boats were built last year, by novices using our system, than the total number of boats built by all the boat factories in the United States combined. You will find pages of testimonials from these amateur builders in our catalog.

What the Brooks System is: The Patterns. Printed on heavy paper — are every one the exact size of the part represented and there is a separate pattern for each and every piece that goes into the boat. We tell you how to lay the pattern of each particular part on the piece of material from which it is to be cut. We tell you exactly how to cut — you cut. We then tell you how to fasten each part in its particular place. We tell you what kind of a nail to use to fasten it and how to drive the nail — you drive it. You need no mechanical ability. The Brooks System supplies this. HOW is shown in our catalog.

The Instruction Sheets and Illustrations. The instructions thoroughly cover every minute detail of the construction of the boat. Commencing with an explanation of how to use the patterns, the instructions then take up each separate part in its proper turn, telling how to assemble the parts and finish up the boat. The Illustrations are half-tones from actual photographs and line drawings showing each step of the work. We give you these so that there will be no misunderstanding — no mistakes. Each set of patterns has its separate instruction sheet with an average of 35 working illustrations. An illustration of a reduced instruction sheet is shown on this page. A sheet, giving a set of full sized illustrations for one boat, is sent with our large catalog.

Bill of Materials Required. The instruction sheet contains an itemized bill of all the material required for the boat. You are told how to get this material dressed at the local mill or carpenter shop. The exact dimensions of the lumber are given so that you do not buy too much — so that you can buy all at once, thus saving time — labor — money. The few tools you need are common to almost every household.

Boat Building as a Form of Recreation. A large percentage of our orders come from professional men — doctors — lawyers and ministers — who take the Brooks System up for mental relaxation — for the pleasure of working with their hands and for exercise. The Brooks System is a life-giving, brain-clearing form of physical culture. There is as much exercise — and more fun — in swinging a hammer than pulling a chest weight — and you have something tangible to show for it — a fine, valuable boat which will keep you in the open air every spare minute all summer.

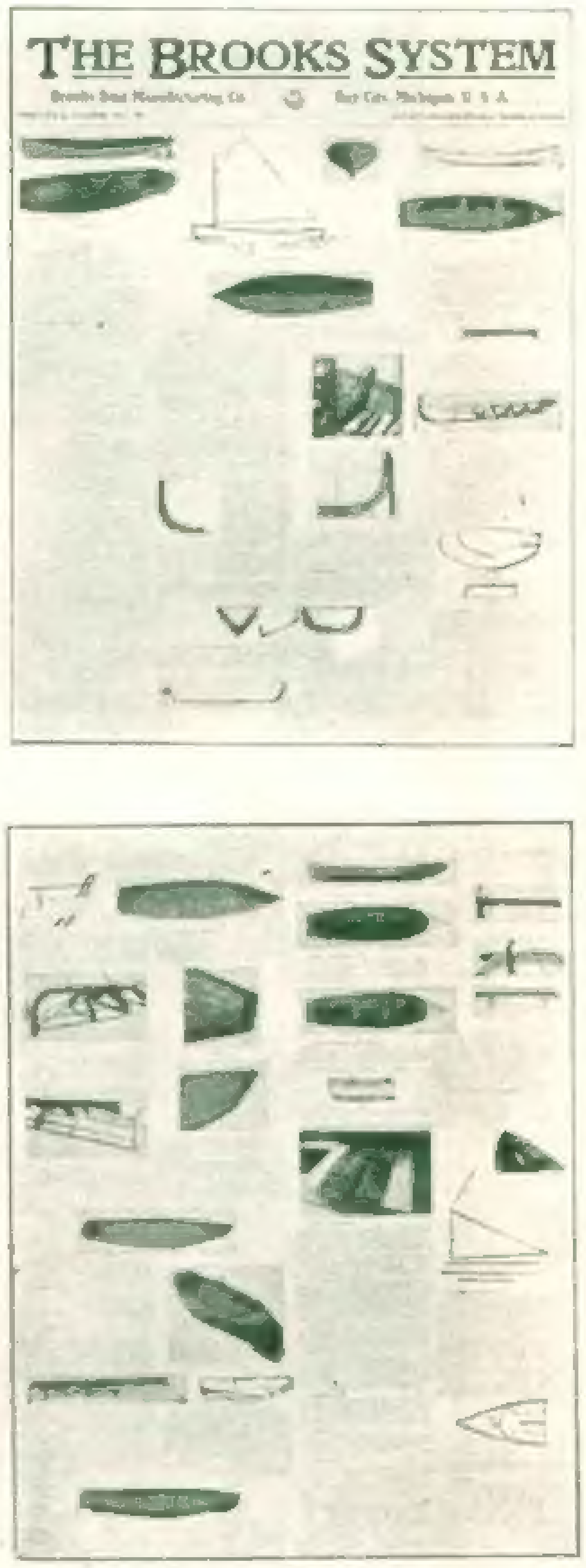
For the Boy. Intelligent parents always wish to provide their boys with a healthy form of amusement. If it can be made instructive and useful, so much the better. To encourage and help a boy to build a boat will give him a valuable lesson in practical mechanics and teach him self reliance by demonstrating his own ability. It will give him a clean, healthy, enthusiastic interest *at home*. If you don't believe this — ask the boy.

As a Business Opportunity. Just think of the business opportunity offered by the Brooks System. Just think of the small amount of lumber, nails, screws and paint required to make a $50.00 boat. Why — a man can carry the material. The expense — the cost — of boats is largely in the design and labor. We furnish the design — you the labor. And we have systemized, simplified and reduced the labor so that every hour counts. You — as a local builder — will have every advantage over the distant boat factories, whose selling prices must cover the cost of expensive advertising and a high freight rate. Can you see the opportunity? We have started hundreds in the boat building business. One man writes that he built sixteen boats from one set of patterns last season — another built ten. Our catalog gives the exact amount of lumber and hardware required for each boat so that you can calculate the exact cost to a dollar. It gives you a choice of over forty different styles and sizes of boats — any kind your customer can possibly want — skiffs — duck boats — canoes — row-boats — tenders — dories — launches — racers — stern paddle wheelers — larks — sail boats and yachts. Over six thousand amateur builders throughout the world successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Over *half* of these are now building other boats by our system. The amateur builds his boat by the Brooks System in less time than the professional boat-builder who does not use it. But many professional boat-builders are using the Brooks System because it saves half the labor and half the time — because it is a great improvement over the old method. The catalog shows how.

Complete Knock Down Boats. We manufacture and keep in stock a complete line of our boats in the knock down form. These include the frame, planking, decking, hardware, fittings and paint with full illustrated instructions for putting together. These knock down boats are supplied principally for those who cannot get good material or for those who wish to save time. Special freight rates, and quick delivery on foreign shipments. We prepay carriage charges on all patterns to any point in the world. If you desire, patterns are expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D., allowing examination.

Illustrated Catalogue with full particulars sent free on request. For 25 cents we will send our big 100 page catalog showing several working illustrations from the instruction sheets of each boat, and a full set for one boat. The catalog contains valuable information for the amateur yachtsman — fog and engine signals — steering and sailing rules — directions for compass use, etc. If you contemplate owning a boat — either by buying it or building it — you should have this catalog. Be sure and send for one of the two catalogs today.

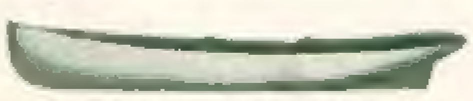
We have over 40 styles and sizes of boats and boat patterns.



The above is a reduced photograph of the two sides of the instruction sheet for our 16 foot combination boat. The sheet is three times as large as a page in this periodical

Length 30 feet, Beam 5 feet.
To build requires 600 feet of lumber and $12,00 worth of hardware.
Price of Patterns $20.00.

Length 25 feet, Beam 6 feet.
To build requires 500 feet of lumber and $11,00 in hardware.
Price of Patterns $15.00.



Length 14 feet, Beam 41 inches.
To build requires 120 feet of lumber and $2,50 in hardware.
Price of Patterns $3.00.

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO.

Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

266 SHIP ST. BAY CITY, MICH., U.S.A.

SHAW-TORREY